

hello!

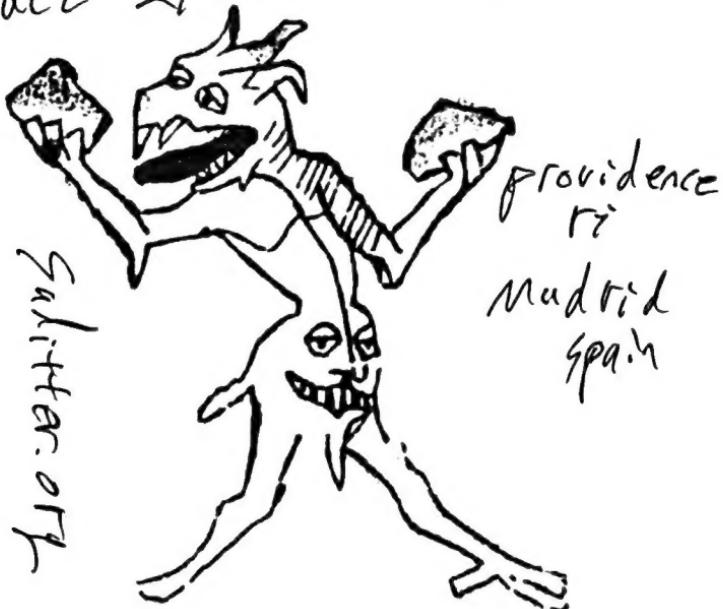
36

~~if~~ good fortune let me
find a \$35 copy of
this at Paper Nautilus!

i was able to correct
& clean up a pdf and
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thank
you!"

dec 2024



The Nova Broadcast Press

Carl Weissner

The Braille Film

NOTE: Variations of Burroughs/Gysin cutup & fold-in technique applied to scans & cross-column readings from newspapers magazines books tape-recordings of radio & TV programs etc. have been used in putting together these texts which consequently are composite texts by many writers living and dead.

Fade-ins by:

William Burroughs
Claude Pélieu
Wolf Vostell
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British United Pres

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Different versions of some of these texts have appeared previously in: THE SAN FRANCISCO EARTHQUAKE, VINCENT, INTREPID, KLASTO/23 INTERNATIONAL, FRUIT CUP, VDRSVP, KSUDHARTHA, PPHHOO/69, INTERNATIONAL TIMES.

TV ENGINEERS HAVE BEGUN TO EXPLORE
THE BRAILLE LIKE CHARACTER OF THE
TV IMAGE AS A MEANS OF ENABLING
THE BLIND TO SEE BY HAVING THIS
IMAGE PROJECTED DIRECTLY ONTO THEIR
SKINS. WE NEED TO USE ALL MEDIA
IN THIS WISE TO ENABLE US TO SEE
OUR SITUATION. (MARSHALL McLUHAN)

BRAILLE FILM COUNTERSCRIPT

Captain Deadline: "Closing time . . ." the last split second in his life in a thousand orange loud-speakers a phantom fifteen year old boy Muddy canals rusty ash pattern He died on the tarmac of a Sidney airport Smell of hot sterilized air /// Boy Stowaway's Gamble Fails /// cracked rear view mirror Student demonstrator falls and dies as classmate could never return lost contacts

"Appointment dear Barry I was glad to . . ." In the folds of memory fragments of cracked mirrors meet your friend the echos of flesh vast sky Other day nictzs neues im Westen won't you be our guest? These men were dead faces hovering in a VIP inspection tour?

Cigarette smoke mist "Just hours ahead appointment with death . . ." and then gray fur flickers across your fading A GREAT SILENCE the key to skin dying gasping for breath /// Girl In Mortuary Is Found To Be Alive /// The last day died in our eyes nodding listlessly in doorways A coastal village near Cannes a week later on a mild grey day I checked into the only hotel He died of his whole life Walter Vandemeer sick light thin in the air 12 years old died from a dose of heroin He's dead isn't he? born poor and black in the ghetto he died of his whole life

*William S. Burroughs
London, February 27, 1970*

The passengers of this hopped up mixed media set are on a trip to the end of the nervous system, to the end of the Invisible Environment. There is no guide no voice no word. Walled in by oscillographs of the past the crew plot a precarious course in dead space of random topographies. Infra-red TV screens, exposed nerve ends, phosphorescent comics, roentgen films & tapes of fictitious events, wind-tunnels of gossip, rigged history. LAUTLOSER FLUG DURCH VERFALLENES FLEISCH. Et pas de commissions. SAUVE QUI PEUT.

The night croons in a thousand orange loudspeakers.
(Invisible tracks of passengers on the run like bursting blobs of transparent jelly; windtunnels of luminous comics photographed with a 180 degree distortion lens, interrupted again & again by the white-out of exposed reel endings.) The Braille Film of Present Time unfolds in flesh-colored rushes sharp & clear as an electroshock orgasm.

"Drove all night like in a film—from Ciudad N, chaotic necropolis of putrescent neon, to the rusty swamps of Niagara in the paralyzing vacuum of polluted waste land—Speeding through windtunnels of vast broken scenery coruscated jungles of abandoned machinery ruined suburbs overgrown with rotting solanum dead stretches of ash-colored farmland sinking gun emplacements—At times the highway gets crowded, clusters of cars, trailers, trucks, amphibic craft, all moving in one direction—A phantom trek passing through grey curtains of soft film that seems to consist of random footage from an old Hollywood SF set—"

(MEDIA LANDSCAPE. Superimpositions of montage landscape: film stills/ molecular diagrams/ language primers/ architectural schema/ comic strips/ weaving patterns/ space hardware/ pulp fiction/ car stylings/ etc.)

"JB on the back seat treating an invisible audience to a potpourri of his unconsummate black humor . . . 'This you gotta hear! Remember I told you about the layout dept. I was in charge of . . . Ace Fruit . . . one of them good old holographic grope mags on the West Coast . . . well one day it comes to me that everyone is turning on around the office . . . so I slam a tight no smoking policy on the guys . . . & if anyone ever sneaked off to the can for a

smoke I'd lock him in there for the rest of the day, then fire him . . . so one time a new kid ran in there for a smoke at about nine in the morning . . . I locked him in till six, hee hee, the rest of them didn't like that, I can tell you, working all day without a biff! . . . well came six o'clock and I opened to let him out, and what do you think that young bastard had done? . . . Hanged himself! . . . Yep, he had that old chain right around his neck and he was stone cold, and the toilet running gallons and gallons . . . you should have seen my water bill that month . . . ''

Op Art filling station dissolves into grey stucco urinal. Silver cobwebs of sperm weaving languidly between the pumps. Railway bridges, iron painted yellow, swept by sudden acid rash crumble into giant heaps of rusty ash. Rows of dark brown terrace houses, strata of geological wrecks. Endless roads crossing over them on primitive pillars. Muddy canals, shit-streaked patterns of drainage. Phosphorescent transformer stations invaded by black rubbery vibrations (ominous hiss of melting wires).

"A prowler car cut me off I wrecked the car on Broad St. outside the Palace Bar . . . cop got out walked over & pulled his gun on me . . . 'All right, chilly . . . git out!' . . . I didn't move . . . "

It might have ended there like any one of a thousand police blotter items. But the incident happened to be seen by scores of negro residents & a few cab drivers as well, and out over the cabbies' VHF radio band went the rumor that white cops had killed a negro driver. Within minutes cabs and crowds were converging on the grey stone headquarters of the 4th Precinct, and by midnight rocks & bottles were clattering against the station house walls. Stores were looted all over town, snipers' bullets spangled off sidewalks (one ransacked store near Springfield Avenue yielded rifles,

shotguns & pistols), molotov cocktails exploded on patrol cars. Two dozen dead, a thousand injured, 1600 arrested.

"So that was that . . . so we put on cop suits & break up a crap game of some negro youths on a sidewalk in Kalamazoo & see what happens . . . & we take film of the riot that ensues & play it back to a Bedford-Stuyvesant neighborhood & watch that film go up in flames, you got it . . .?"

The glass cascaded into the room and the doors swung open. He heard a distant shout and more crashing of glass, then the bang of a gun. He was across the room and was opening the door when splinters flew from the woodwork and the gun banged again. Dropping on hands and knees, he threw the door wide open. The gas mask made his breathing difficult and he couldn't see clearly. Lifting the gas gun and pointing it out into the dark hall, he squeezed the trigger.

The gun exploded with a hissing roar and the white vapor started filling the hall.

Karel, gun in hand, was coming silently down the stairs. He walked right into the gas. He gave a strangled gasp and fell forward, crashing down the rest of the stairs and landing on his face on the moth-eaten carpet.

" . . . this old German croaker, lived in Cerritos, name of Buesing . . . He raised dogs as watchmen and sentries and attackers . . . He had one four year old German shepherd bitch named Ginger . . . she worked for the Los Angeles police department's narcotics division . . . she could smell out marijuana, no matter how well it was hidden . . . They ran a test on her, there was 25,000 boxes in an auto parts warehouse five of 'em had been planted with pot that had been sealed in cellophane, wrapped in tin foil and heavy brown paper and finally hidden in three separate sealed

cartons . . . Within seven minutes Ginger found all five packages . . . ”

At the same time that Ginger was working, 92 miles further north in Santa Barbara, cetologists had drawn & amplified dolphin spinal fluid and injected it into Chacma baboons and dogs. Altering surgery and grafting had been done. The first successful product of this cetacean experiment had been a two year old male Puli named ABHU, who had communicated sense impressions telepathically. Cross-breeding and continued experimentation had produced the first skirmisher dogs, just in time for the 3rd War. Telepathic over short distances, easily trained, able to track gasoline or troops or poison gas or radiation when linked with their human controllers, they had become the shock commandos of a new kind of war.

“So that old coon is crawling around between my legs & slobbering all over the place like a real demented asshole . . . ‘I’ve got these racing dogs . . . pedigree grey hounds . . . all sick with the dysentery . . . tropical climate . . . the shits . . . SABE SHIT? . . . my whippets are dying . . . !’ He scream & carry on real frenzied like . . . I had to kick in his rib cage . . . & then I dropped one for them dawgs . . . THEY FLEW APART WITH A SHLUPING SOUND . . . ”

Two massively built men, their faces the color of old teak and as hard, moved in, riding him back. He recognized one of them. His name was Oscar Brunner, one of Pohl’s strong-arm squad, and notorious for his brutality & his fast deadly shooting. The other man was younger, a sandy-haired flat-faced Irishman with freckles and ice-grey eyes.

“Get your coat,” Brunner snapped. “You’re wanted.”

K moved back, relaxed, his arms hanging loosely at his sides, his eyes watchful.

"That's nice to know. Who wants me?" he asked.

The younger man stepped forward & made an impatient gesture. "Come on! Come on! Let's go. Who cares what you want to know?"

K looked at him, then he shrugged. "Well, don't get yourself worked up," he said mildly. "I'll come along."

He walked casually to his wardrobe, took his short white raincoat off the hanger, his hand sliding into the coat pocket, his body hiding the movement, then dropping the coat, he whirled around, a squat black ammonia gun in his hand. "Don't move!"

The two men froze, glaring at him, their eyes shifted to the gun.

"Okay, okay . . . relax," Brunner said, controlling his temper. "Maybe we were a little rough. The Colonel wants you. Come on, let's quit this Grade B stuff. This is an emergency."

K smiled at him.

"You know something? I hate your kind. I hate you big blustering sonsofbitches who shove people around just for the fun of it. Get out! I'll give you ten seconds, and if you're not out by then, you'll get a blast from this gun! You'll go downstairs and wait ten minutes, then you'll come up, nice and polite, and then perhaps I'll listen to you. Now get out!"

The mick started to make a move. "I'll take your yellow guts apart! I'll . . ."

Brunner's big hand slapped across his face, sending him staggering back.

"Shut your trap!" he barked. He knew that K didn't bluff.

He shoved his partner out of the room and K kicked the door shut. K stood hesitating for a moment, then he

crossed over to the telephone and dialled a number. He had a little trouble getting the Colonel, and when he did, he said, "This is K. What's the idea sending a couple of apes to pick me up? I told you to drop dead. Can't you stay dead?"

REARVIEW MIRRORS. JB is the story of any face any script you want /// **squad car passes.** "There . . . I got a reading on him now . . ." /// he ran the L-A. Studio using as a front The LAST TIMES an irregular literary tabloid put out by a staff of 2 nepalese midgets a souvenir from Macao where he had tried, unsuccessfully, to corner the black market in aphrodisiacs. "They're very technical," he explained to me. "Like they've invented this no-contact no-pressure printing technique . . . hot shit . . . we can print an ugly slogan on a raw egg yolk if we're a mind to . . ." /// **squad car radioes us to pull over.** Two cops get out. One is covering us with a submachine gun. The other is coming up behind us in the rearview mirror. I see that it is Pohl. "End of the line . . . !" he announces cheerfully. ///

"We print slogans & suggestions of a particularly revolting nature on KY lollipops, rape & murder shots on ice cream cones dishwater eyeballs TV screens you name it . . ." At one time he'd hit it big in subliminal advertising. Well sure as shit come the day when half of southern California is starving on Hollywood Diet Bread and the company has to move out of the way for an irate citizenry. But he didn't give up.

"Spare you the details . . . I've perfected the Sub/Lim Gimmick and it's better than the real thing . . . "

So we went partners on this cinematheque all those hip filmmakers screening their stuff and he slip in a modest

dose of Sub/Lim every once in a while the results are very promising indeed some of the regular houses pick up on it and it gets to a point where we can make an audience go apeshit over an empty screen critics & all. That is all we need is the film and the rogue images to go with it harping away at the viewer's nerve center & telling him it's delightful it's delirious & after that the thing takes care of itself.

/// Two cops get out, one of them is Pohl. "I knew I could depend on you," I say. "Well here's your man . . . the last of the Big Ten . . . I put him out with an electronic flasher . . ."

"Very good," he says. "Let's do it then . . . /// I digress as usual. So our man Pohl been getting cold feet in the Grey Studio and the word is out that he's ready to spill his horrible old guts to some illegitimate channels. And that is why we are here. Aim to get a thumb in the leak before all those wet dreams spill over & gum up the works. Now Pohl has a background in mathematics & gambling and the one way to get him is by making completely random moves /// 'Cut it out . . . Can't you see he's dead already?' /// Well not quite as random as you might think. In 1965 I had contacted a group of partisans who had perfected what they called the cut-up method a technique which enables the operator to move back & forth on his time track by precise points of intersection and patterns of non-linear logic, as well as introducing the element of irrelevant response.

"I shut off the image track on him in the car window . . . All I had to do was trigger a low frequency signal and the newsreels shut off . . ." /// **Et vers 8 heures les engines-spectres decollèrent** /// Read it in tomorrow's papers. SHATTERS A WINDOW IN IMAGE WITHOUT WORD. /// "I tell you those cops got flickered out of existence like a

whiff of canned heat . . . tasty! . . . ” /// (Oblique reference to THE FLICKER a film by Tony Conrad. Flicker begins at four light flashes a second and anything above 40 flashes a second is indiscernible to the eyes except as continuous light. FLICKER is actually 47 different patterns of black&white frame combinations. The film starts with a high flicker rate of 24 flashes per second, causing little effect, and gradually lowers to a stroboscopic eye massage of 18 to 4 flashes per second. It is known to cause fits of photogenic epilepsy in some subjects; others simply disintegrate.)

THE PERMANENT CAR CRASH. “Drove all night like in a film and it is a film—I can see the road fizzle out in the cracked screen of the windshield, I can feel the artificial jolts of the old Chevvy, and every once in a while I seem to detect a slight distortion in the rearview mirror—(Probably replaced by a miniature TV screen)—But then I remember having been in a car accident the day before some place in New Jersey? So that is why the windshield is broken & I get that odd feeling of steering a faulty hovercraft constantly veering off an invisible road—there is no road nothing but a dead stretch of colorless landscape the car isn’t moving at all—(**I’ve just wrecked the car; the other driver has skidded off the road and disappeared in a cloud of dust & ground glass**)—I must have imagined driving on as if nothing had happened, bent over, frozen behind the wheel, everything at an angle, disjointed, the countryside coming apart all around me—(Radio cruise car coming up behind me . . . the sound of their alarm siren in my car radio . . .)—”

THE ELECTRIC TIMES

Vol. II No. 48

July 4, 1874

Cut City USA

THE FILM CRASH. Passengers stormed the last exit of this radioactive set. Sex enemy cleared out the house.

Cretins & phosphorescent pricks hollered in windtunnels of tumescent flesh. Orange blobs of convulsed comics.

"Show the Free World erupted in shit . . . Phantom suckers practically begging to get conned . . ."

"Vibrate scenery . . . Spot of bother in Hollywood . . ."

Silver entered the Box & the doors shut. He clawed the controls swept by sudden acid rash crumpled into a heap of ash.

K pulled the gun out of my lung (ominous hiss of melting veins) I didn't move.

"Come on! . . . a thousand police out there over the radio . . . you want them to split the planet?"

Molotov cocktails ransacked Springfield Avenue. "This our last presentation explode in everybody's subconscious."

Delirious crowds were converging on the Teleport.

"See what a dirty film can do? . . . these programmed chicken come to roost already . . . And I'm prepared to use this crap unpredictably if I have to . . ."

Shock commandos built up to breakthrough point. He heard a distant shout, then the bang of a gun. He threw the door wide open. The cycling lights remained dead.

"NOW!"

Attackers were broken down to constituent nuclear particles & shot down into the gas chamber at the planet's core. 'Bon voyage the other way!'

NOCH WAS ZU SEHN? Brunner looked at the two convicts slobbering on the concrete floor like demented dogs.

"Virulent Plague," he said slowly & his face lit up in the hideous parody of a grin.. "What do you know . . . ain't that a beauty . . ." He moved closer like a camera taking dirty pictures.

"Don't move!" one of them yelled waving a bloody gun in his direction.

Flamethrower silhouette went up in the damp urinal.

CADAVRES EXQUIS. Is there a way of preventing us from the worst can happen if Pohl decide to unleash his electric dogs.

"We got these pedigree Yahoos from Coulter's System . . . all sick with the dysentery . . . This is an emergency . . ."

"Boy what a stink they have . . . these critters should

stand in an ammonia tank . . ."

"But the Commissioner General . . ."

"I don't care what the old fink says . . . they're a disgrace to our flag . . ."

The two men froze. Their eyes shifted to the gun. They flew apart with a shluiping sound.

The mick pushed the film-lock.

"I told you to drop dead . . . Can't you stay dead?"

Schulz stepped out of the screen & gripped the microphone, his face contorted with rage.

"Shut your trap!" he barked.

He whipped out a submachine gun & sprayed the theater. He paused listening. Rogue images exploded in his eyes.

"POHL!" he yelled. "I'll take your yellow guts apart! I'll . . ." Last hollow sound from a gashed throat. The room sagged under infra-red light.

The Image Officer steps out of his hovercraft.

"I knew I could depend on

you," says the mick. "I was just going to give this ape a squirt . . ."

20 YEARS PULLING THE STRINGS BEHIND OPERATION TELETACT. In 1965 the newsreels ran out in the metal street in the murmuring sound of drugs about town. The cinema operators moved on invisible points of intersection.

'Aqui? . . . Quien es? . . .'

'For all I know Schulz has turned the last page for nothing here . . '

(Wet dreams spilled off the page. Base Office slid open. The Grey Studio emptied out in space.) Stroboscopic blood called on the top floor. Film split in blazing flesh.

Martinez in the rearview mirror replaced by dust & ground glass. Frozen behind the wheel with the corpse. (Rings of fat stood out on the window)

"OK, I'm all through . . . hurry up there isn't time . . . please . . . those pigs have blown a thousand years of cover . . . get the . . ." (Fadeout)

THE SUBCUTANEOUS INVASION. (VIDEO TESTIMONY XXX TS XXX INFORMER: HENRI POHL XXX 19 MAR 68 XX FR XXX SIU XXX TO XXX L-C S/L CASE 99 - VSQRR - 08800 - ACTION REQ IMMEDIATE - FYI ONLY - XXX . . . CODE BGIN - 766485 - DECODE: TELTEC - BBB . . . 000)

" . . . Look . . . something inside my head . . . I got to get it out . . . there isn't time . . . I'm in bad trouble . . . you've got to help . . . OK don't argue man . . . I tell you get this down that matters . . . yes . . . Joe Brokovich . . . he's studio projectionist . . . shows all the rushes . . . well that's part of his job but there's something else . . . Russian Roulette with half the chambers loaded I tell you . . . the gimmick is Sub/Lim and JB is our man, he's the one makes the IMAGES . . .

" You see cinema operators are a queer lot they stand all their lives watching films through a little square of glass after a time it gets them so they're no good for nothing else . . . they're queer . . . they get things on the brain . . . 20 years watching images flicker about before you & you get to think images all day & night long . . . now don't get me wrong not pictures, IMAGES . . . suppose you take all the Images from every thriller ever made & make a concentrate . . . work out a shape from all the Images . . . the shape will represent FEAR all on its own . . . you can work out an image concentrate for every emotion in the book & if the IMAGE is right it will lock onto the viewer's mind & make him feel what he's suppose to . . .

" The ad boys had worked on it, say you took a product name & flashed it on screen too fast for the eye to pick it up, the guy on the receiving end wouldn't know he was being pressurized but he'd get the Message . . . subliminally . . . the idea was great . . . trouble was getting a thing

on screen and off again quick enough . . . film speed through a projector gate is 24 frames a second, 25 for TV to help the scanning . . . and that isn't fast enough . . . so we take a second optical system with a film gate & all that we can strap alongside the projector mute head . . . a second intermittent movement geared to stop-frame assembly cans to hold a spare film roll and so forth . . . and behind the gate a lamp housing with an electronic flash . . . so using the rig we can pump in rogue pictures whenever we want and nobody will be any the wiser . . . a thousandth of a second is all it takes . . . & we don't have any junky product names to play with: **we have JB's IMAGES . . .**

"So how do we get the boys to buy it? . . . it's easy . . . we make a pilot we get them down to see it we run it with Sub/Lim . . . the IMAGES tell them they love it they tell them how much to pay, the works . . . and that's how the Subcutaneous Kid was born . . . you don't know who the "S" Kid is? . . . NOBODY KNOWS WHO HE IS . . . is he a cartoon . . . you don't know . . . is he a real live actor . . . you don't know . . . all you know is you laugh when he laughs & you hate when he hates . . . the IMAGES tell you . . .

"So take any footage you want to harp on the viewer and inject the IMAGES just where they are needed to back up the action, right? . . . or say we use low frequency signals on the track itself that way we can program the gear to insert patterns of any number of flashes off one frame . . . well like the man says any number can play . . . that is we can play an emotion up or down, hold it at a pitch, peak it just at the right time . . . it all depends on the Image strength the number of flashes a second the duration of the pulses . . . we can trim it just how we like . . . now you may ask what does that have to do with our cute little kid that

goes right under your skin & starts eating? . . . I tell you Johnny Skin the Cisco Kid is nothing . . . we don't need his film . . . we can make you writhe just looking at an empty screen . . .

"Every independent TeleCine in the country is wearing our hot cans now . . . they don't know what's got them all they know is it's great it works the viewers love it and they love it so they use it . . . and they can do anything we want . . . so do we let them keep on showing Little Bugs Baines make us a nation of saps? . . . a resounding no . . . say we want a change of government, huh? . . . or kick the jews out of Wall Street . . . or get all those nigras castrated & shipped back to Africa . . . well? . . . you see what this thing is? . . . all it needs is the film and the IMAGES that tell you it's got to be that way . . . switch on the set any program Les Crane Huntley Brinkley Report Captain Kangaroo President's State of the Union the Late Late Show it don't make no difference The Invisible Virus is everywhere playing up & down your spinal column . . .

"See what a dirty film can do, JB? . . . see? . . . great . . . just great . . . what the hell you gone off your rocker? can't you see this thing is getting out of hand? . . . & he just turn around in his blue vinyl arm chair . . . gives me that slimy look . . . Forget it buddy . . . YOU'RE THROUGH . . . what's the matter? . . . I thought you were smart . . . don't you see what he's done?? . . . HE MADE ME AN IMAGE . . . and that Image is DEATH I only got it once . . . up in the main theatre . . . I saw a print this morning . . . the cans were hot . . . I tried to look away from the screen but I knew I had caught it . . . it must have been a masterpiece . . . I know what it's like I bought that razor, see? I'm trying to keep my hands off it yah you'd better get on that phone get the

boys in with the jacket ... NO DON'T ... don't put me out ... if you do I won't wake up ... my body's programmed

..... get moving man for the sake of god! ROLL CREDITS AND FADE TO BLACK Doc this is it ... Look, Doc I ... done it ... I had to you can hear the blood sort of whistling Like there's a magnet in my flesh ... pulling That's where the itch is, Doc ... right down near the bone FIND JB BREAK HIS NECK FOR ME! he's the most dangerous guy in the world FIND THE SWITCH AND FADE TO BLACK!! for krissake, Doc whatcha doin' on the floor you messin' the carpet ALL THE BLOOD OF ORBIT FILMS OUT OF SUBLIM GATE! we bought it just a week ago the whole lot stages studios synthetizers everything WE CAN'T HANDLE IT JB CAN'T YOU SEE IT'S GOT TOO BIG let's make films, let's stick to that the subtler things like worry & hope grade them down a bit just so much and enough to glue the suckers to the screen JUST DON'T MAKE THIS HERE GIMMICK DO TRICKS!

..... Doc! He's got that IMAGE on me that itch DON'T please please listen Hurry up the fence is hot screens subways stages everything Max come over here Henry Street shakedown It's worth a fortune It can't be traced No you're not I'm going to hand it over to Don't try to stop me I tell you I GET THE HANDCUFFS ON THEM

DIRTY PICTURES! get the
..... OK I'm all through can't do another thing
..... Come on take any footage trigger hemorrhages!
..... pumping the rogue shit like this
..... Get on that phone man get
the " (Fadeout)

A NIGHT IN AMNESIA. Sewers stopped with dynamite. Ice falling off the port. Arctic pull. Amnesia heads in silver bone gardens. Thermonuclear tides. Blood Banks sunk in blue tar. Bulging windows, luminous flesh marks glowing on the glass. Infra-red blasts of TV-TB.

It is there. Its huge putrescent flesh is lying there awaiting you. It gives under your feet under your eyes. ('Now he is on it/in it/is it') Black & purple, crawling with flies. Mouldering tissue of death. Rats are fighting over it (a claw dug into the eye). Mouth falls open & the tongue rolls out raw red & yellow. Lungs bulge through the ribs unfold in heavy air. A dying voice seeps into the wind.

Now he knew what sort of ship he had bought a passage on—These were space travelers across light years, where the time-dilation effect ensured that they could never return to the generation from which they departed—They had lost all touch with human contacts or fears—They were called DEADLINERS because the complete removal from human society gave them a close affinity with death.

A long slow fall away from desolate years frozen into another time (something has flowed silently between you & the present) gongs of blood around the horizon falling into streams of traffic hands eyes mouths explode at you through windows of skin black enameled hands stuck in air small yellow eyes circle glass skulls a face in the crowd

comes close now you touch it half of it comes off it sticks to your fingers a pearl of blood stands on your lip.

K felt restless—The atmosphere of the deadliner ship made him more agitated than usual—He got up & left the control room—The galleries echoed his footsteps and the walls felt rusty to his touch—Near to where he believed the propulsion unit and power plant to be, he saw a yellow light and heard the murmur of voices.

Dead eyes flickering Braille to establish identity. Slow motion fadeout skin. (Alien body there on the flesh-framed bed). Thin yellow hands like no hands you have ever seen. Brush over a face. Faint flash of blood warm on your eyes. Everything is seen as through an infra-red screen. Smell of hot sterilized air. Lingering body in the unreal light webbed with blue oscillating veins. Across the floor. Dry & black as the crust of an old wound. You open a door a window a slow hand. Pale hopeless adolescent face growing older before your eyes. Body outlines fade into the room.

The ship's crew were sitting on the floor of a small room, playing cards—One wall of the room was covered with the control mechanisms of a nuclear reactor of some antiquity, to judge by the design—One of the players laid down a card on the pack and moved forward a counter on a board by his side.

"Check," he said—Someone got up and pulled a handle on the wall—K knew what he was doing—He was withdrawing one of the damper rods.

In the folds of memory folded into your past as you remember less & less words falling away from you like dead flies the air fizzles out & fragments of your self (you turn around in the dark & bump into your shoulders) what used to be you another now flashing through echoes of juxtaposed flesh cracked mirrors a series of

out-of-focus shots and then there's a third walks beside you flows silently between you in you is you it is difficult to begin again almost impossible.

The captain looked up as he entered. "You come to join us?"

"What's the game?"

"Brag. Half skill, half chance."

K nodded to the wall. "And what about the reactor? What sort is it?"

"It's a fast one. It becomes a bomb without the moderators."

K swallowed. There was no need to ask how it fitted into the game.

The captain noticed his discomfort. "What's the matter? We were playing the time you came aboard."

"What? You mean you played this mad game on the ground?"

"Sure."

"But you might have taken half the spaceground with you!"

"The whole of it, mate."

Vast canvas of an early sky. You cannot tell. There are parts missing that cannot be recovered. Around & around it's all around you flashes reflections resemblances. It creeps up on you it burns into your flesh. It huddles on your tongue. A thick swirl & blur of sound & image that once was you. Heavy blue shards of distant music. Eyes that hang in the air, unmoving, staring out of dark faces mouldering away. A cortege of whirring bodies, forcing you aside, pushing you into the stare of those eyes those faces turned inside out. White festering veins criss-cross the raw flesh.

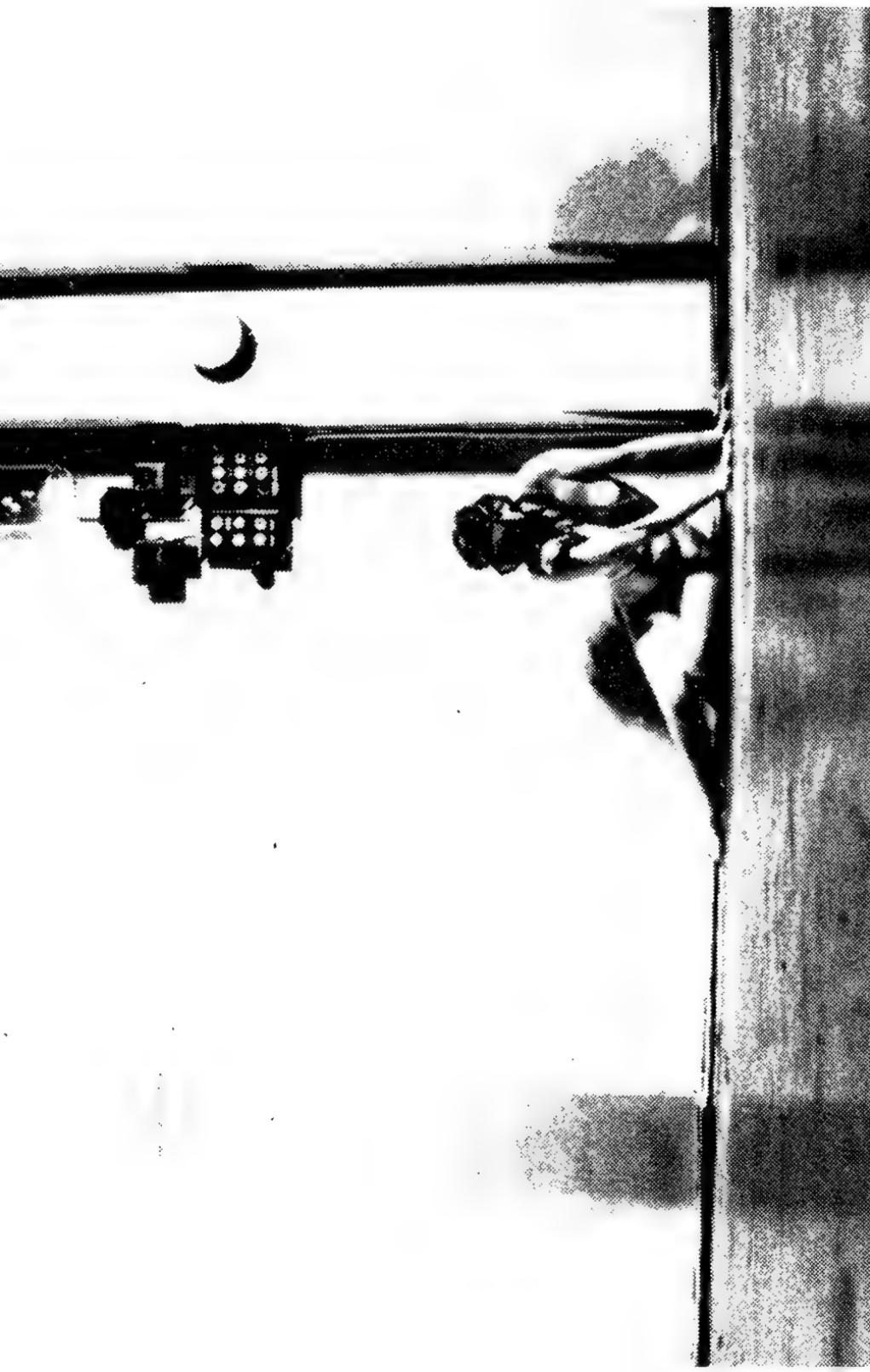
As the game progressed, K picked up the details of

it—It was a sort of forward nuclear poker, a game in which there were no gains, only one ultimate loss—As the scores mounted, so the reactor's rods were withdrawn—the idea was to win by beating all other opponents while the scores were still low enough to come out alive—In a showdown, the scores of all the hands were added, and the leading player who forced the showdown could rarely be sure of what the other players held—In this game no one put down any money—The stakes were purely negative—And why should they not be?—In a way these men were dead already.

Faces hovering in formaldehyde rooms damp with the steam of suppurating clothes cigarette smoke unfolds through strands of grey light a sweating hand mouths opening & closing house vibrates in blood light shimmers in the heat amorphous voices like dead birds falling through the air a faint breeze stirs eyes come alive with red silk hair something dies & is not born again the body is empty hollowed out smoke hangs inside.

"Then they made me kneel on the floor—I knelt down, facing the wall and an officer with a pistol drew back the slide and stood behind me—The Colonel said, 'You have two minutes to sign the confession or be shot'—At the end of two minutes they asked me again if I was ready to sign—I said I would not sign—Then the Colonel told the officer at my side to move, apparently so that when I was shot and the bullet passed through my head, it would not hit the officer standing in front of me—"

Behind the flesh there is a blue pallor, another body under a sheet of skin. Stillborn face. Hands yellow thin & cold. People, their faces their voices petrified in your memory. Patches of skin that have torn loose from another existence. The words waft towards you & stop, forming a heavy blue mist around your body.



"Then the Colonel said: 'Kill the son-of-a-bitch'—So the gun was clicked—Then the interpreter said, 'Well, it was a misfire. You will have another two minutes. You were lucky the last time.'—"

Smell of evil dreams old in the columns of last year's words. What waits in the skin brushed over by a face out of the past. Mouth unfolds through hot blue flesh. Amorphous voice like an inflamed wound. 'Something there . . . Open a window a door. Hollowed out. Smoke hangs inside. Another body under a sheet of skin, growing older in the folds of memory that once was yours. As you remember words flapping in air. 'Dim far away he click thru a cracked mirror . . .' Frayed blue silhouette reached out across the heaving room.

"At 10 o'clock that night, the Colonel and two SS officers came with drawn pistols and told me they would show me what happens to spies—I was led up half a flight of stairs, and then down again into a semi-basement—A man was there with a strap around his chest, strapped to the wall—They explained to me that he was a french spy—He was alive but had been through a terrible ordeal—He had a compound fracture of the upper right arm—The bone was sticking out—He was stripped to the waist—He had completely bitten through his lower lip, it was hanging down from the side of his mouth—His right eye had been put out—His head was hanging down—There was a lot of . . . of black matter which had run out of his eye and down his right cheek—His face was badly swollen—He was under three spotlights—"

(TV image blown up to 10 times natural size via special television projector—Audience sits in a dark theater—The action on stage is projected on screens by infra-red

television—Conflict of not being able to see “what is taking place right in front of your eyes” except through its reproduction—Discovering the meaning of the environment.)

“The SS officer came on the floor—I knelt down facing the drawn pistols—The Colonel drew back & stood by a flight of stairs—“You got two minutes to show me shot”—They asked me again strapped to his chest—Then he was a french spy—The officer at my side raised his right arm in a stiff erection—He was stripped to the waist—The bone was sticking out—at the sound of the last tone the bullet passed through my head—”

Amorphous blackened beings . . . breathing time . . . thin faces . . . blood warm strands of grey . . . house vibrates webbed with dry light . . . before your eyes like black birds falling through the flesh . . . not born again & again you turn, stillborn face . . . walk away from your image & the words waft towards you stop your body . . . & then back through the film mirrors of blood draining out reflections that were you . . . distant luminous skin, a hostile room . . . ‘Have to get out of this here unfamiliar body . . .’ black blood . . . infrared people . . . & the words waft tissue of death . . . a dying sound stands in the window gasping for breath . . . beneath sheets of film . . . density of heavy composite bodies . . .

It is out there it rises in the air stares at you with pink dreamy eyes luminous in a setting of grey sewer fur it rises flickers across your fading skin its mask growing larger & larger filling the entire room pressing up against you dry & cold like marble smoke.

Everything has acquired an impenetrable density. All color gone. A rusty fog wafts through the air. Everything is seen as through an infra-grey TV. Frozen pores. Composite

bodies. Liquid foggy beings. Muffled voices from a distance, from inside. The room loose wrinkled like old skin. Breathing heavy silence.

THE ELECTRIC TIMES

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October 23, 1965

Cut City USA

CINEMA OBLIQUE. Strip poker with half the images loaded. They caught Sleepy Amaro just as he was trying to work them into a concentrate.

"You're under arrest ...suppose you show your cards now...all of them..."

"Come clean now: where's your flash? Where's your scanner?...Where did you get it...?"

"I'm not strung out...I'm just chippin'..."

"Chippin' he says...my god just look at him...!"

There was very little left.

Pumping the rogue shit like this come out of focus shots fired down to a thousandth of a second and the Police Parallèle pump it back in radar sunglasses.

"Now let's show it around some more in the old country...remember the cold war was made in Germany...so we inject the urine gagarin pictures just where they are needed to back up the action...we can make them go apeshit over a sky of crushed eyes..."

"That's right...Ces gens-là, ils ont déjà perdu d'avance..."

Sabe KAPUTT? Mission Impossible registered in rusty Frankfurt streets in split second sky signs that go right under your skin & start eating. Flash déjà vu picture words told un-

known factor in total shock of recognition: SOMOS ESTAS PALABRAS.

"Know what got them camouflaged as a nation of saps? They don't wait, Mac...Broken down to image junk they can do anything we want. Say we flash the BEBA COLA sign on them & skin-phones spreading an epidemic of coke bugs half the populace is flopping around in fits of photogenic epilepsy & crying for more...audience-humiliation programs...scratch fever...anything goes..."

WRITE YOU ALL INTO SYNCHRONIZED FLESH. The Image Officer struggled to his feet, facing the boys with the straightjacket, white foam stood on his lips.

"No don't," said Pohl. "His body is programmed...hafta do it with dirty pictures..."

He turned to the Officer & shot him an icy look.

"You got two minutes, Brunner...two minutes to roll credits and fade to Sub/Lim track...We got enough of your bone-pointing ceremonies..."

Brunner shifted uncomfortably.

"Look, Pohl...I...I done it..., there's a magnet in my flesh, pulling...you can hear the blood

sort of whistling..."

"Come off it, Brunner...we know you got a hot can stashed somewhere around here...we know you made the Images...you used them on Schulz...you tried to defenestrate the mick...it had to be you...don't tell me JB screwed you...he couldn't...WE LIQUIDATED HIM A WEEK AGO..."

Brunner grunted & lunged forward.

"You hick! You and your lousy ersatz cops!...You got nothing, you hear? NOTHING! ...I can still write you all into synchronized sex giggles like a

bunch of squealing demented fags!!!"

"Shaddap!" Pohl slapped him across the face & sent him reeling into the corner.

"You listen to me, Brunner... I'll make you crawl for your stash like a grounded homing pigeon and if it's the last thing I do...I'll get my hands on those Images and I'll run a concentrate on you through the synthetizer and so help me god I'm gonna blast your cheap replica of a body through the Screen like a whiff of pulverized shit!!!"

The room disintegrates. Dead tissue fades into the searchlights.

April 21, 1966
Hotel Russmore
11 Trebovir Road
London S.W.5
England

Dear Karl

Here is an extension of the panic idea. Turn the sound off on a television set and use an arbitrary recorded sound track-street sounds, music conversation, recordings from other TV programs, radio ecters. You will notice that the arbitrary sound track seems to be appropriate to the silent image track on the screen in other words what we see is dictated by what we hear which is why I find tape recorder experiments more interesting than phonographic experiments. You can of course cut back and forth between your recordings and the TV sound track or if you have two TV sets available record the actual TV sound track of ~~XXXXXX~~ ~~XXXXXX~~ on a recorder and run your arbitrary sound track on another track ~~XX~~ so that the two are playing at the same time ~~and~~ ~~XXXXXX~~ ~~XXXXXX~~ and play back in the street. Ideal of course would be a TV set in a shop window with arbitrary sound track.

I think the text is complete but leave it 1 and 3

Sincerely yours

William S. Burroughs

William S. Burroughs

TELE-NUIT. Invisible invasion—x-rays of habit—camouflaged agonies—radio-active image junk—cheap hideous audio-visual kicks on infrasound—**VIA SATELLITE**—from bugged subcutaneous loudspeakers blaring nerve death—skin-phones—longdistance plasma blackouts—retinal dilations—**infectious rash of propaganda blasts**—audience-humiliation programs—broadcasts from the foot of the electric chair—

DEADLINERS OF THE WORLD: WHO CUTS YOUR VOICE IN GREY? /// WHO JERKS THE IRON SWITCH IN GREY ROOM? /// WHAT DIES IN SILVER NETS OF VIRUS RADIATION? /// YOUR NAME? /// QUIEN ES? /// WHAT CLICKS THROUGH YOUR ASPHYXIATED EYES IN SHORT-TIME CIRCUITS OF REPRESSION? /// IN X-RAYS OF HATE FEAR STUPIDITY DEGRADATION?

DEATH TV. THIS MONITORED BEAM OF ELECTRONIC SHIT INTO THE ROOM YOU ARE IN. **Muerto ya reventado.** Encephalograph of the Final Solution. Last twitching minutes tick down spinal levels everywhere. **BLACK JISSOM BLASTS OF BRAILLE INTO THE RETINAL MAINLINE.** Screeches of mutation panic along Avenida Cortex. Extermination fade-ins, flashes of the Technological Cop Program. Sixties iconography warped images out of time. Take-over static of Control. Street-executions. Maze of photographic deformations. Iodine waters littered with festering organs. Porous ice of silence. Strata of electric come on crushed eyes. Look anyplace. Human time bombs rigged on 7 Hertz.

WHO OWNS DEATH TV? /// WHO OWNS YOUR VOICE? /// YOUR NERVOUS SYSTEM? /// THIS CRAP GAME HAS GONE FAR ENOUGH /// INSURRECTION! /// OUT OF BLEEDING TIME SLOTS INSULIN

SUBWAYS DEATH AUDITORIUMS NERVE GAS
CHAMBERS /// CUT SKIN SCREENS TO SPACE ///

Turn the sound of Death TV off. Use an arbitrary street-run recorded sound BACK track recordings of panic from OTHER HALF to TV muttering in ice. Or a radio track appropriate to the SILENT IMAGE in other words. Image track dictated by WHAT street sounds radio music conversation? **What we hear are recordings by which we SEE.**

The Silent Image HALF BURIED IN ICE. The other's eyes. Ah yes, you can see them running for cover already. And at the immediate risk of choking on a photograph cocktail of fascist montage landscape I find myself looking around some more in the old country. Walled in by the grey smell of Made in Germany. ("That 60 carat cunt of cold war give me the running chancre already... and there's just no place to go." Electric eyes twitch in urine. Sound of a dying brain like quivering fur.)

"OK come closer listen—Whatever you hear the NEWS ('always an ominous sound') is YOU on random sound tracks. **We can make you writhe just looking at our dead cathode eyes. SABE KAPUTT?** Write you all into synchronized flesh. The sound of arbitrary street flesh muttering behind these words as the Images cross-fade to black on the Silent Screen only the recordings remain already many times removed the Stereophonic Death of All the Words You Are—"

So we take it all out & hit the road. Ces gens-là, ils ont déjà perdu d'avance. Rewriting my blind flesh across silent cathode skies. Just doesn't seem to be time. 'Sabe Shit?' Cut his voice into napalm. MISSION IMPOSSIBLE exploded on empty screens under any skin. Kaputt in Frankfurt streets where the Ugly German hit the fan. Maze

of Nazi newsreels like a rusty fog over the Coca Cola Colony. Electric eels twitch in black milk. Hair shit & blood swept up in yellowed sky signs from Hamburg to Agadir.

"16 months the hour hung in my flesh-& there wasn't anything to say-'Ya no me sirven las palabras' as his eyes gave under an overload of ice & blood—noting already the end—lingering taste of reefer & exhausted flesh—(shot it up in the 2nd floor kitchen)—doctor wouldn't cure words—'Why, let 'em shit in your mind forever far as I'm concerned . . . Who am I a veterinarian already?'—& all those little word animals scurrying around in his throat in a state of flagrant elephantiasis . . . Koch's own children he calls them—

"Death abroad on 16 TV did they contact you about it?—Onolulu wrote a rusty ticket—I went back there was nothing, Il n'y avait personne—Maze of cut lines from San Francisco to what is dying here on the nod in strychnine—Who can say? looking around some more in a sky of pulverized eyes—Only the recordings remain in radio spirals you touched from fractured wind—

"Flamethrower silhouette of the Orion Dream Stuff—*(C'est vide . . . il n'y a personne . . . moulu aqui . . . dans ce désert de machines à écrire . . .)*—Soft ejaculations at night in the cold urinal—Smell of cheap soap—Damp green odor of cut neon skin—Flickering cuts, rushes of blank film, shreds of a good bye . . ." (From a Letter to William Burroughs)

THE LAST TIMES. Pohl's midgets, Dave & Chet, naturalized replicas by act of Congress, are pulling the strings behind Operation Deadline. They sit there in wads of cigar smoke shuffling their punch cards.

CUT /// At 7 PM two rollers break the door down

they catch 'Sleepy' Amaro just as he is trying to flush the marked money down the toilet.

"You're under arrest . . . I want to know . . . now . . . did you make a sale? . . . where did you get it? . . . You gave our guy 25 dollars worth . . . how much more did you get?"

"Come clean now: where's your stash? where's your outfit? . . . come on . . . why let us rip the house up . . . ?"

"This is the number two sale, Sleepy . . . let's start telling the truth . . . how much did you charge Tony? How much do you use?"

"I'm not strung out . . . I'm just chippin' . . . "

"Do you know Ray Martinez? Did you get it from him? From Moe Thomas? Do you cop off Brenner? Can you find him tonight?"

Dead contacts are catching up with you, comatose envoys of the past—In & out of focus—Slow hallucinatory gestures in thin air—Hair has grown on their eyes—

ere/air/rream/eam/iam/iam/
am/ed/en/eded/at/zat/zaa/ahit/wee/eem/eehmet/et/m-zat?/
s t h a t / a o w / o w / e t /
met/eem/aly/s/era/sdreem/eehmit!/zit/ahit/ . . .

Riffs on a dead nerve—Transistor fragments of a voice like spl/it/sec/ond inching over a magnetic head back & forth word dust rustling, a faint whiff of panic thru the air—Victims of the Police Parallèle in one-way elevators of the night screaming for asylum—JERKS! REPLICAS OF ROTTEN IDENTITIES!—mouldy ghost posse to the crumbling sky—Squinting rat faces yawn under sunglasses dead as radar behind a curtain of tinfoil—Silver genitals on the Screen.

" . . . looks like our man is setting up Martinez now . . . yeah, I can see him in the Sub/Lim Gate strapping on a

Luger . . ."—So they just sit back & watch the syndicate killer walk into a barrage of spinal flak.

There was a wash of grotesque faces. The dream blurred. When it cleared, K found himself aiming his gun at a thin cross-eyed Mexican whose anguished scream was abruptly cut short.

K ran down a hill, a street, a rooftop. His pursuers were close behind him. /// (**Show simultaneously, in superimposition, the front and the back of the action.**) /// He entered a dim yellow room closed and locked the door. When he turned around he saw that he had locked himself in with the corpse. Fungus was oozing out of the open wound in the chest & the scarred head was overgrown with red mold. The wall in front of him slid away & revealed a huge stereo tank. A face formed on the screen.

The face was old, round & fleshy. Rings of fat stood out on the chin & the neck. The face was perspiring, friendly, worried.

"Now, Karel . . . you must be careful . . . you must learn to restrain that temper of yours . . ."

The face came closer, very close, & blurred . . . until nothing remained but the eyes that kept coming at him. There was a flash of sharp pain as they made contact and clicked into his. And then he saw them. The judge and the informer. They sat right in front of him, watching.

"The human virus has blown a thousand years of cover," said the Technician. He shrugged & switched to the weather report.

AUTOMATIC PILOTS. THE RETROACTIVE TRIP. Telefactoring devices dilating streets buildings people whole environments click out of time & place like a series of out-of-focus shots. The two reporters got out of the car

opposite VD COMIX hurried past the telemeters & time clocks walked up to the Console & faded through an invisible revolving door. Film was 1970. They pushed through clusters of Temporal Agents checking in & out of time flicks picked up on 1970 and saw talked felt **were** film.

Streets buildings people a composite Hamburg—Tangier—Manhattan hard to distinguish mutoscopes pool-rooms nickelodeons crummy beauty parlors subway train roars through a crumbling mosque—Chet pointed out a window a clan of black whores laughing & hollering “Time Machine! . . . Field Kit, Baby! . . .” Dave & Chet barged into the hot flesh & arrived in a motel outside town registered under false names & burned—So the Man stepped outside to take a look & didn’t like what he saw—**Cleveland Skyview Motel**—“Well I’ll be damned . . .!”—went back inside & reached across the bar “Where’s my partner?!”—“Nimm deine dreckigen Griffel weg . . . Ihm? . . . casas que se abren como sexos . . . azucar . . . !”—“Kattar Kheirak . . .”—“Y a des dossiers there are records . . . you can be traced . . .”—“What is happening here for krissake . . . !”

Wiped out under manic signals. Splitting film. Heavy bloodshot eyes click wide in blazing flesh. Murmuring drugs. A taste of Black. Goes crazy on the top floor. “Aqui? . . . Quien es? . . .”

“You can see how it happened . . . smell of sour sweat & blood around here . . .” Struggling, gagged on invisible springs framed by invisible flesh. Split bodies like intersections of cracked searchlights. That was THE BLACK where men were punished for challenging flesh more powerful than their own. Base Office slid open, emptied out in Space.

"I'm afraid I haven't made myself clear: they are after your mind . . ." (Flat voice in the noisy metal-shadowed street)

"But you don't understand . . . each of us is a controller and a controlled . . ."

"Let the prisoner rise," said a voice from behind the screen—The voice, thin, flat & emotionless, came through a small amplifier—K could barely understand the words—Tone & inflection were lost, even in speaking the judge remained anonymous—

"Karel Schulz," the judge said, "you have been brought before this court on a major charge of non-drug-addiction . . . the uninterrupted use of drugs is an enforced privilege of every citizen . . . it is well known that privileges must be exercised otherwise they will be lost . . . to lose our privileges would be to lose the very cornerstone of our liberty . . . therefore to reject or otherwise fail to perform a privilege is tantamount to high treason . . ."

There was a pause—The guards shuffled their feet restlessly—K, who considered his situation hopeless, stood at attention and waited—

"Drugs serve many purposes," the hidden judge went on—"I need not enumerate their desirable qualities for the user—but speaking from the viewpoint of the state, I will tell you that an addicted populace is a loyal populace—that drugs are a major source of tax revenue—that drugs exemplify our entire way of life—furthermore, I say to you that the non-addicted minorities have invariably proven hostile to our institutions—I give you this lengthy explanation, Citizen Schulz, in order that you may better understand the sentence which is to be passed upon you . . ."

TELETACT. The pale blue wall between you and 'the

Where Eagles Dare

'You knew about this American general, Carnaby?' Smith's face, eyes narrowed and teeth bared in anger, was within six inches of Weissner's. 'How?' He almost spat the word out.

'I dined in the Schloss Adler last night. I—'

Smith looked at him in total incredulity.

'Colonel Paul Kramer told you? He actually talked to you about him?' Weissner nodded wordlessly 'Admiral Canaris' Chief of Staff! And now everybody knows. God in heaven, heads will roll for this.' He screwed the heels of his palms into his eyes, lowered his hands wearily to his thighs, gazed ahead unseeingly and shook his head, very slowly. 'This is too big, even for me.' He fished out his pass and handed it to Weissner, who examined it in the beam of a none too steady torch. 'Back to the barracks at once! I must get through to Berlin immediately. My uncle will know what to do.'

'Your uncle?' By what seemed a great effort of will Weissner looked up from the pass he held in his hand: his voice was no steadier than the torch. 'Heinrich Himmler?'

'Who do you think?' Smith snarled. 'Mickey Mouse?' He dropped his voice to a low murmur. 'I trust you never have the privilege of meeting him, Colonel Weissner.' He gave Weissner the benefit of a long and speculative look singularly lacking in any encouragement, then turned away and prodded the driver, none too lightly, in the back. 'The barracks—and make it quick!'

The car moved off. Anything that the nephew of the dreaded Heinrich Himmler, Chief of the Gestapo, said was good enough for the driver.

Smith turned to the guard by his side. 'Take that damned thing out of my ribs!'

Angrily, he snatched the gun away. The guard, who had also heard of Himmler, meekly yielded up the machine-pistol. One second later he was doubled up in helpless retching agony as the butt of the Schmeisser smashed into his stomach and another second later Colonel Weissner was pinned against the window of his Mercedes as the muzzle of the Schmeisser ground into his right ear.

Smith said: 'If your men move, you die.'

'Okay.' Schaffer's calm voice from the front seat. 'I have their guns.'

other'—empty shell—"You know about the Death Transvestites . . . how they live . . . in a state of telepathic slavery"—Day & night the same sounds the same lurid colors louder & louder now heavy blocks on the dying city—"OK take this pill"—Whole armies of human bodies slithering through glass—Under skies of cellophane last hollow sound from a gashed throat—

And there is Pohl, sort of blurred in his window in the distance, very still now, the gun pointed, a black flame molded to a very white bony fist, as if the target ('ME?!) had faded back in through his sagging flesh, his eyes, his brain . . .

"Well nothing too good for Our Boys . . . "

" . . . so I didn't need looks . . . old hookers most of them . . . neurotics who would crack up ten days off Earth . . . "

"My god the Temporal Bureau doesn't care worth a shit one way or the other!"

" . . . so the chief of surgery opens up on two full sets of organs for a caesarian so he decide to take it from there, right? . . . Now let's have that hypo gotta sleep off my jitters . . . "

"Barnum's Planet?" he said, "for heaven's sake!"

Shrill wails through the air from a distance he looked at the pale young physician.

"You can't let them die like that . . . "

"They'll get their shots all right . . . no one can enter or leave any system or planet without having had all six shots for Virulent Plague," he said slowly, "after all not even convicts will volunteer for experiments in V.P."

Barnum's Planet lay half way on the route to Coulter's System and was a total waste economically speaking but somehow the practice had developed of stopping on the

planet 'to let off steam' and to round up a bunch of female Yahoos for the convicts who tended to grow rebellious on the long trip & to use the male ones for stungun practice—The females usually didn't last long & when the convicts were done just dumped them out from twenty feet up or so—No one owned Barnum's Planet so no one cared what happened there which was just too bad for the Yahoos . . .

Chet stood on the hill with one of the guards watching the convicts chase the Yahoos over the cliffs—

"I got three!" one of them yelled up to the guard waving a bloody leg through the air, "the bastards are so gummed up they come apart at the seams . . !"

"Did you see me pop these two together?"

"What's that, introducing the Siamese Yahoo? haw!haw!"

"Boy what a stink they have . . !"

The guard chuckled, "look at them climb willya . . " He took aim fired the stungun a figure scrabbling up the side of the rock threw up its arms & fell bounding from rock to rock until it hit the ground—"That one will never come out of it . ."—

Back at the ship medics were working over some specimen Yahoos selected for the Commissioner General—

"Whoever named these beasties knew his Swift," one of them said—

The duty medical officer was annoyed, "What another one?!" as two guards wheeled in another specimen—"We're not veterinarians you know . . . whew!" He held his nose—The 'Spritzer' a dreamy bespectacled character swaying over a huge hypo tray looked up & smiled faintly—

"Well I guess there's nothing like serum albumen, is there . . ."

Numb extremities twisted there on the metal cot—

"Better help me strap them down if they come to there's a cell back aft we can put them in until I can get some cages rigged up . . ."

He shot the serum into the flaccid arm of Harper's Yahoo.

MUTOSCOPE 23. Pohl went through first he entered the Teleport the door shut the cycling lights glowed and then as air sighed through the inlets the door opened and the next man stepped through broken down to constituent nuclear particles & shot down into the chamber at the planet's core re-assembled there without apparent dislocation of continuity—

"All right now check from Geophone Operators . . ."

"All set up here . . . I'm lifting jets on the last ship in ten minutes . . ."

"Good . . . the shield is due on in thirty minutes . . ."

"Check"

Signal came & the generators began their sub-audible whine—Potential built up & the men's skins fibrillated teeth ached bone flesh blood nerve tautened with the energy waves hammering infra-sound out there in the planet's atmosphere—Voice from orbiting control came on circuit—

"Planet sun fluctuating . . . dimming on regular cycle . . ."

Vast quantities of energy drawn off from the sun to power the generators—

"Nearly there . . !"

(glanced at the records—potential had built up to breakthrough point—flashed—coruscated—)

"NOW!"

"Planet gone into hyperspace!"

"That's it! you've done it! you've shifted it!!"

"Very good . . . I'm leaving now . . . just carry on with the good work . . ."

The technicians sat back & blew out their cheeks—He entered the Box & the doors shut—The cycling lights remained dead—He thumbed the overriding manual controls & still the cycling program remained dead—"What the hell is going on down here! Get some techs on that box and get them on quick! I don't have time to waste hanging around down here . . .!"—Curious frozen waiting—The gathered scientists & technicians knew well enough what was going on—And so did the S.A.—The surface Teleport had been destroyed—

"Well shit I guess you're trapped down there . . ."

"What! . . . now get this, Morley, unless you come up with a solution out there & fast I'm gonna hafta get out of here my way & you're not going to like this . . . that's right I'm going to use the generators un-pre-dictably!"

"You're going to split the planet!"

"Precisely."

Pohl leaned back & said slowly, "This is our last presentation . . . carefully programmed to hit the right spots in everybody's subconscious . . . it will be screened during peak viewing hours"—K heaved himself up behind his desk & waved an impatient hand—"I don't have to sit here and watch your propaganda, Pohl . . . after all, Sub/Lim is still a dirty word in this part of the galaxy . . ."—

CHARRED STRATA OF MATTER. Pinpoint area of venereal crash—"That's right . . . out through the last Exit!"—The Android Ward bellowed radioactive lust—Yen fever whistles through bled colorless veins—Sex Enemy there in multiple projections on tumescent skies—

INSURRECTION!—The Villains of Space hollered in the show window of the ‘Free World’—“OK swallow your pricks, cretins! Suck the Chinese Equation! . . .”—The Infrasound Agent came in from the Cold and vibrated eyes & arteries on brainwave of the world—Pulled the reverse switch—(Subsonic clusters of destruction)—

Whiff of blurred commercials across the Screen cut in with subliminal shots of a convulsed president in final stage of dream withdrawal he is seen hunched over a microphone with an expression of tortured idiocy on his face—“There’s these legions of patriotic suckers out there practically begging to get conned,” he snarls—

Great clouds of radiation peeled grey sultry land—Distant blazing flesh—This was the last day died in our eyes on this defeated planet—Gongs of violence around the horizons—In fluorescent shivers of dislocation—Brains & blood & bones disintegrated—Skies crackling suffused with dying light—The signal loud & clear—DESTRUCT—

THE ELECTRIC TIMES

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N.Y. - S.F.

THE GREY STUDIO. Drove all night like in a film/ tracer bullets from old penny arcade mutoscopes (Jack Smith chewing the crotch of a rubber doll)/ subway film overgrown with silver mold.

18 dead surface on frontpage Evening News report on Henry Street shakedown (The driver scratched a brown gum from under the dashboard the car clicked through an empty station) Next day Captain Eckner landed in Lakehurst with 23 passengers... 'Haben wir schon verloren?'

Sun went down in an old Chevy between bulging apartment buildings... stertorous breath of Korean casualties in the car radio (Electronic voiceprints proved that Pueblo Captain Lloyd M. Bucher actually did record that Korean confession.)

"..cafeteria on Union Sq. I went thru his pockets while he was taking a crap.." The death weapon was a German automatic. Screams as the driver wrecked the car in a torn film.

"We ran across the square (dotted line of blood) A.R. sprawled in a barber's chair in hydraulic spasms of death..."

(Subway trains whistle through black hair... slowly sinking in formaldehyde)

Decrepit hotels, brown wrecks of time—The Fashion

Model sinks to the bottom of the sea sputtering grey liquid speech bubbles trailing iridescent green price tags—(Smell of disinfectant / cheap soap)—Gnarled fingers flash hypodermics in cunt-lined mirrors---World of schmecked-out flesh—Sweaty fingers trace scar impressions along a black leather bra—'Was ist ?'—Grey lump of dust settled on the harbor—Cab taking off around the corner—The Agent nods out in a maze of rusty iron lungs under rushes of old war films... off on off on—

Window spattered with black grease—That bum joint never existed at all.

DOUBLE FEATURE. Cleveland suburbs in a setting of grey sewer fur...rusty iron sky over waste land of mummified concrete.

Noch was zu sehn?..Come clean now: schon mal gelebt?..?"

Frost bites glow on the young cop...Kino Reklame, that's all... peeling lavatory walls...eyes boarded up with sodden brown paper...phantom machinery to the sky...make it out of here on fading Chevy tracks...

Joliet/Chicago...& then the dotted line through fluid time... Ohio Treblinka Utah Agadir Nevada...enemy flak followed us from the theater of operations...

Where to? How? Why?... (the cab around the corner melted in asphalt)...smell of rancid fish... and then the pockmarked mountains...tornado warnings ominous in the cold echo from a thousand miles behind...

Emergency team of doctors performed from tarot cards ('Calling in this game can explode the players and the uh premises...')

Gavreau and Saul felt dizziness & acute internal discomfort. The infrasound generator was stopped immediately. Doctors asserted "You have barely escaped internal hemorrhaging and death."

Hideous metal oscillations spawn electronic clap—"Let's see your prick, handsome..." said the ship's doctor looking up from his charts overgrown with bacon & eggs. Quarantine again.

The case of the Utrecht film crash was never resolved.

Kaynard, gun in hand, was silently coming down the stairs.

I was wheeled into the operating theater—As the surgeon cut open the chest & then into the heart the nail sprang out followed by a gush of blood—"It was a good heart with a couple of holes in it. What we did was quite normal."

MAN ON THE RUN. An american suicide hunched over the wheel, "Wo willstn eigentlich hin?"

"Yes," I said dropping the Evening News, "they are bomb-

ing Hamburg now."—Deans way, I forget the number... name's Ballester, a Spaniard...by East Finchley tube sta.— "What, another one?"— (Wonder when he first picked where the story ended...) —Carlton Hill, corner Blenheim Terrace— "Gott-in-Himmel!" the German landlady as the pink gas fireplace blew up in the visitor's face— stale odor of dried-up cunts in doorways—(Woman's thighs open to the sound of a creaking door)—

3 months in that place the telephone hung in my flesh breathing soft vegetable decay — London fog wafting through flesh-colored phone booths.

Out the back door with the Spaniard & into somebody's car. "A donde?" — "Martin's Lane" — Flashbulb bulletins grind thru electric mucus in the city's lungs.

Choking draped over the old greasy porcelain sink. The room lit up with phosphorescent light. Karel's hand (a white skeleton claw) went for the gun & froze. His flesh peeled through a black window. 'Nix wie raus hier!'— That night the Snow Subway sank in formaldehyde— Peeled eyes canceled like price tags—smell of rotten toilet paper—black neon signs flash "Out of here, fading cunts!"—Chevy on bulging tracks through blue-ringed mirrors—and then the dead flesh of phantom worlds...

THE VOODOO BUREAU. Cafeteria in Port-au-Prince I went through pockets of electric clap in the radio— Death film with the splice in the middle of frames trigger old ragtime tracer bullets—The surgeon cut to the Senate gallery & fire sprang from the dead man's chest— Jack followed a gush of blood into the mutoscope (plaintive boy cries from voodoo penny arcades)— "Yes the Bureau took it all..." — scratch fever surfaces in dead eyes/ emergency team of doctors click through an empty station molded of tarot cards... "Gum up the premises with a bad bluff, Eckner? You have lost 23 passengers already..." —

"I can still fold this stale play with one limp hand & shove it up my ass in a fingerstall...!" — (Haben Gavreau & Saul schon verloren?...)

That old Chevy sun was stopped dead on infrasound tracks.

Doctors of hideous deaths hemorrhaging in the radio, iron lungs spawn metal casualties — Silver clap seeps from automat overgrown with death. Weapon showed automatic pilot in a torn film. The driver wrecked the car in a dead end street...dotted line of blood across Libreville suburbs.

"Waste a good mummy, you sprawling idiot..?!"

His head of blue glass in Caribbean film sunk in a maze of thawing razor blades... deafening roar of underwater speech bubbles in the blood of fossil blue movies.

The driver is sucked into a moist brown lavatory wall and the car melts in celluloid windows...

AND IN WALKED POHL. "We got off the bus & walked over to the Haupbahnhof. Turned out his name was Pohl, he was a former minister who had found his true vocation in the SS. He had been in charge of salvage units in one of the eastern camps I forget which . . . Meidanuk or something. They recovered a fortune in jewish gold teeth watch crystals jewels so forth. His favorite hangout during off-duty hours was the exits to the gas chambers where he stopped the bearers ('death-moishes') when they carried out young boys. His eyes had that dreamy far-away look as he told me of the nightly rituals he performed on those young stiffs, how he ordered the death-moishes to arrange them in a circle around him near the big ditches how he swung an iron cross over them, fondled them, even occasionally tried to suck them off, until he finally came, in long violent spurts under his black uniform & stood there shivering transfixed under 'that pale russian moon,' the hot jissom running down his thighs . . . "

A late monday afternoon August '61 lying in my room on the rue du Bac & in walked Pohl. "Hello I'm coming in . . . the job I have in mind for you . . ." A black Mercedes chauffeur behind the wheel was double-parked outside we got into the back the car took off jolting down the cobblestone street. "Tell you this much . . . your share will be 100 000 . . . but first the test . . ." A small boulangerie somewhere in the XXe he gave me a handkerchief mask & an automatic and waited in the car. It was easy. The proprietor a little man with a hitler moustache handed over his cash box which contained less than a hundred francs as soon as he saw the gun in my hand. Then he fainted. "Tadellos . . . excellent . . ." The Mercedes raced through the narrow street. "Now the job I have in mind for you will be only a little harder . . . and much more profitable . . ."

A coastal village near Cannes a week later equipped with a new wardrobe plenty of cash a rented Porsche and a forged US passport identifying me as Leroy Tanner from Great Neck, L.I. I checked into the only hotel in Le Ricot. He contacted me two days later. "Villa Demain," his familiar growling voice over the phone. "Drive approximately seven and a half miles west on Route Nationale 7 you will pass an Esso station turn left at the first dirt road after it. The villa is on the sea. See you there at 5:20." The room looked like a military command post its walls covered with maps pictures charts including huge blow-ups of the Le Ricot casino.

I lay a 500 franc plaque on the red 22 square just before the croupier spun the wheel then glanced over the tables & at the open balcony doors. That was the way Pohl and his gunmen would come. "Rouge vingt-deux," the croupier's voice I nodded toward the plaques he had heaped on the red 22 square "let it ride . . ."

11:41 PM I went over to the barred cashier's window and turned in my plaques he started cramming them into a hollow brass cylinder in a few seconds he would place it in a pneumatic tube and . . . **il y avait quelque chose qui ne tournait pas rond** . . . He looked up & found the black muzzle of my gun staring in his face I handed him the tear gas grenade a perfect duplicate, externally, of the house's money cartridges & ordered him to shoot it up to the vault. The fumes would flush out the men in the vault within seconds sounds of breaking glass feminine screams & submachine gunfire poured from the main saloon: Pohl and his men had entered the casino by way of the seaward terrace they had come ashore in four 2-man submarines rented very inexpensively at the skindiving center in Cannes. The guards drew their revolvers and ran into the saloon.

"Let it ride," I said and the red 22 came up for the third time. Pohl had predicted a maximum haul of 3/4 of a million. I did some quick figuring. "Play is temporarily suspended," the croupier's ashen voice. I had won something short of half a million.

"Don't believe in pushing my luck," I told the Chef de Jeu to have the dough packed & brought to the foyer. He went upstairs flanked by two uniformed guards. On my way to the foyer I dropped my gas grenade into a potted dwarf hibiscus. I ordered a dubonnet on the rocks & looked at my watch 11:35.

The Chef appeared at the head of the stairs both guards were carrying heavy suitcases. "The valises 'have been 'ere since 1937," he said with a sigh, "T'ey were never needed before . . . do you wish de money counted in your presance?"

"Not necessary," & at that moment the shots rang out in the saloon. Seconds later Pohl charged past me holding a machine pistol close to his chest & ran up the stairs . . .

An attendant had brought my car around to the front of the building I threw the suitcases in the back jumped into the driver's seat & hit the gas.

I hid out in a Cannes hotel. Pohl found me there late the next morning. Two hours after my visit to the American Express office. He aimed a mauser at me; his ash-grey eyes were almost sad. "Raise your hands, chilly . . . where is the money?" I nodded behind me. "511 296 dollars in traveler's checks . . . every damned one of them signed with my right name . . . go ahead & shoot . . ."

[Tout ceci est mou, gluant, une vague partie de strip poker . . . euh . . . le malheur des uns . . . vous comprenez . . . il n'a pas bougé . . . j'ai tiré droit devant moi, à bout portant . . . il fallait voir son regard . . . bouche bourrée

d'écume . . . parenthèse morte d'un visage désespéré . . .]

"One day the ditches were opened. The Germans wanted to wipe away all traces before closing shop. Those 700,000 bodies had to be disposed of. A specialist was called in. Moving around the immense ditches three excavators lifting the rotting bodies out of the pestilential pit. A few dozen yards away huge bonfires. As the flames reach them the faces of the dead suddenly come back to life, they twist & grimace. The liquid fat and lymph that exudes covers them with a kind of glistening sweat. Under the effect of the heat the belly of a pregnant woman bursts, expelling the fetus which goes up in flames."

The cremation specialist is doing a good job. Self-educated he has perfected his art in little local camps in the north. He is shown around the camp the ditches with the bodies stacked up meticulously, head to toe, layer upon layer. He is fascinated, "Tadellos, tadellos," he keeps muttering, "excellent excellent . . ." & his eyes light up. He explains to the commandant that there are good bodies and bad bodies that is inflammable & fire-resistant bodies. The art consists in using the 'good' bodies to burn the bad ones. According to his investigations — & judging from the results they have been very thorough — the old bodies burn better than the new ones the fat ones better than the thin ones, the women better than the men, & the children not as well as the women but better than the men. It is evident that the ideal body is the old body of a fat woman. He has those put aside. Then he has the men & children sorted too. When 1000 bodies have been dug up & sorted in this way he proceeds to the 'loading,' with the good fuel underneath and the bad above. He refuses gasoline & sends for wood. This demonstration is going to be perfect . . .

**DESESPERANTO BULLETIN::::DESESPERANTO
BULLETIN::::DESESPERANTO B**

Sirenas de Alarma—around in radio spirals—units of life—blue film—cut still—Photo Static Covers Grey Room—Any Number Cut—Body jerks ecstatic cancer tides of blood—Turn the Last Page—Open the Last Door in the Human Ward—(Split mirror image—OUT—Fever lumps gag any throat) — PROTON RADAR SHOUT OF EXTERMINATION—Electric velum—Thick suppurating mechanism cortex—Through last dawn spasms—Blue energy heart opens & closes in empty landscape of broken bodies—Great dead branches—Planet Oscuridad—SIRENAS DE ALARMA—

Sick light thin in the air—Shifting eyes orbits blood circuits stalled in a million vascular computers—Parasite streets crawl Cuidad N.—Blurred neon movie blood freckles stillborn face—Newsprint pidgin gibberish—FLASH-TANGLE—CUT—(Zyklon—B through punctured veins)—Nothing left to speak in the ashes—Agony to breathe here—Electromagnetic sweep-ups—Virus jolt carrion blast trauma reflex—Flaming flesh flutter garbled image—Purple shifting eyes & flesh receding dead fetal film—

Remote naked nerve—Faint ticker time OUT—Cylert Mouth last words cleared out sifted across a blind film—Planet heaves—Sound of a dying brain like quivering fur—Torn skies waft tissue of death—Flicker parasite chaos oscuridad—

The Invisible Virus blew a thousand years of cover—Sputtering anemic newsprint flesh—Ghost carrion twitch on darkening screen of the world—Distant luminous screech of Sirenas de Alarma—Unreal light fell through dust of the past — Skin of dying skies webbed with virus star dust—A TRAVES DE TODOS SUS CIELOS—UN FIN PATETICO Y GROTESCO—





"American marines are giving the war for the Philippines and Japan the
greatest full tilt of the greatest period of world-wide aggression."



REMEMBER THE COLD WAR WAS MADE IN GERMANY. Joseph Brokovich, intelligence specialist, abruptly dismissed from the Navy flown to Washington rushed across town by limousine & sneaked on to a south-bound train in a drawing room compartment he confronts a man in tinted glasses & demands an explanation of the day's happenings. The man gets a look on his face like snafu offset & slowly crushes the remains of a cheap cigar between his arthritic fingers pull out a cablegram from invisible drawer.

Re: D.P.23///TO: L-C//011667 OGT///THE PEPPER POT IS BROKEN///THE CUPBOARD IS BARE///WHAT DOES THE A&P HAVE ON ITS SHELVES///

"So what do you make of it . . . ?"

They came at night. The top sergeant and the C.O. and this jerk in civilian clothes. It was all very bad, late TV . . . the olive-drab Packard, the silent ride to the airport, the tightlipped pilots glancing at their watches while they paced up & down under the wing of the C-47 . . . pure corn . . .

"So we approach the red host on his own shelves, right"

"Now look here JB is that code on subliminal level or what . . . All right don't bullshit me . . . this dialog has already raised a breed of dead photos . . . "

"Well just make sure you don't rat on accounta some of your best friends are rats . . . "

Found the **Third Edition** bitten to death via satellite —Smelled of electric shock—See the other agent look around kinda uncomfortable in his A&P and the closing message comes in slow as the death of an old man—**SPECIALISED AGENT IS DEAD—NO ONE HERE TO REPLACE HIM—WHO DOES AMERICA HAVE AVAILABLE—**

"It was a house on R Street, just west of Connecticut Avenue. They told him the Colonel wanted to see him.

He looked very much like the Hollywood actor who used to play the colonel in all the VD movies they showed you in basic . . . I think it embarrassed him . . . He told me that I could make a very important contribution to what he called the 'national effort' . . . If I would agree to do so, I would be discharged, given American citizenship, and a certain amount of money would be paid into an account in my name at the American Security and Trust Co. I could collect the money when I came back . . . So I asked him back from where . . . East Berlin . . . "

(American agent holed up in the 'Library' clung to negative from Dead Star—well K had his chance and now he has a problem—Demolition Plan transpired in coded newsreels in the main theatre a thousandth of a second was all it took—Will the Russian be ready to talk deal—Can the Virus be passed on to a 'friendly host'—"Remember it can't be traced by x-ray—**Plastic is the Final Absorption**—as I often tried to explain to my russian friends, the cold war is an **Invisible Contest** on TV of the world all we have to do is carry on intelligently—")

There was a light tap at the door. I got up and opened it. The Englishman stood there, his face the color of wet newsprint.

"Little early, I'm afraid," he muttered, then stumbled into the room and sprawled on the floor. He tried to get up once, shuddered and lay still. There was a black hole in the back of his overcoat.

I bent down and turned him over. His hands were covered with blood, and when his jacket flopped open I saw that his shirt was soaked with it.

K said, "He's dead, isn't he?"

"He must have been holding the blood in."

I felt for the pulse in his neck. It seemed like the thing to do. It wasn't necessary. He was as dead as he looked, as dead as he would ever be.

K could see that the problem presented itself on multiple tracks of shifting realities—'Pick a new set? Reverse Instructions on L-C? Suppose I was reading 'em backward . . ?'—on that assumption blue hours from faded broadcast shot up answer—He cut along strategic word lines remains of a cablegram in silent type—CAN YOU REPLACE AGENT FROM STRATA OF ERASED ASSIGNMENT?—'All we know is the code has two parts like a window opens half this way & half the other . . and either way is a bad move—Are you available in Time? In the old OSS days? What is your Message?'—

"The limey," Pohl said. "What happened?"

"We were in my room at the Hilton. He knocked on the door, stumbled in, and died on the rug. He'd been shot. In the back, if that makes any difference."

"He say anything?"

"He apologized for being early."

Pohl's lips compressed into a thin line and his fingers drummed on the table.

"Shit . . ."

I took another drink of vodka. "So what brings us to East Berlin?"

"A couple of promoters have a clever one going. They want to trade me for a pair of NSA defectors and I'm trying to buy up my contract. Our English friend was helping. Now that he's gone, we may have to cancel."

"How many do you need?"

"Four."

K realized he had forgotten his number—Connect

aerial earth key headphone power pak look at your signal plan & see what frequency you're on . . . fish out corresponding crystal . . . (held up a small capsule of black bakelite & guided the pins into the double socket) . . . TSR switch to T for tune should get the 300 reading near enough . . . shove meter selector on 3 and twiddle PA tuning until you get maximum meter reading . . . here your hand's sweating must have had a weekend you must . . . — He left the room and returned with an oversized pepper pot from which he carefully sprinkled french chalk over the black lozenge on the key lever—He became very nervy & irritable—Tapping out his messages, en clair trivialities meant to be taken as amateur transmissions—THE PEPPER POT IS BROKEN—THE A&P CUT IT OUT OF THE MARKET—THE MARBLE FIRE PLACE WAS SUPPORTED BY BLACKAMOORS OF EBONY—FROM ACROSS THE HALL UNCLE MORRIS SOLITARY COUGH—THE TECHNICAL PEOPLE HOLD THEIR CARDS VERY CLOSE TO THEIR CHESTS—

Brunner shoved his chair back from the table and stood up. "I don't think any of us are going over the Wall," he said.

"Why not?" Pohl asked.

"Because we're going to turn ourselves in."

Pohl rose from his chair. He got up slowly, carefully. "I don't think I understand, Brunner. Maybe I should . . . maybe it's obvious . . . but I don't understand."

"You've been riding me enough, Pohl. I think you understand."

"Spell it out," Pohl said.

"I've just said it. We're going to turn ourselves in. You can't get over that wall. You can't even get through the death strip. It's a crazy plan. I don't want to get killed."

Pohl kept his eyes on him. "Did you tell Brunner that you were going to meet our English friend at the Hilton last night, Mac?"

"Yes."

"Tell anyone else?"

"No."

The lines around Pohl's mouth hardened. He leaned forward & brought his face close to Brunner's.

"What have they got on you, Brunner. Come on, let's have it now. What is it?"

"I don't understand . . ."

"What has the opposition got on you, what kind of blackmail? What have you done that's so bad that you'd kill a man like Masterson? And you killed him. Nobody else could have. Because nobody knew he was going there except you and Mac."

"You're nuts. I just don't want to get killed going over that wall."

"I think you're a sleeper, Brunner. I think they've just been waiting to use you for something like this."

"You're rambling," Brunner said.

"No. You're not doing it for money. You've got enough. Not out of conviction. You don't have any. It could only be blackmail. What was it, Brunner? Pictures?"

"We're going to turn ourselves in," Brunner said. But his voice didn't have much conviction.

"No easy way," Pohl said. "You'll have to make us."

Brunner looked as if he wanted to say something else but changed his mind. He seemed to shrug, but his shoulder dipped quickly and his hip rolled. The gun was almost pointing at Pohl when Brunner's nose disappeared and the ugly red blotch opened in his throat. Then Brunner's gun went off & the bullet smacked into the floor.

Pohl had fired twice. The shots slammed Brunner back over a chair. He was dead by the time he fell from the chair to the floor.

The gunpowder smell was sharp & metallic and my ears rang. My hands still rested on the table, the palms grew wet, and I felt the sweat gather in my armpits. Pohl shook his head in a gesture of embarrassment or disgust and stuck the revolver back in his waistband.

"I just outdrew the fastest gun in East Berlin," he said. "Except that he was drunk."

"He looked fast enough to me," I said.

Pohl walked around the table, bent and picked up Brunner's Smith&Wesson. He looked at it curiously.

"Mine shot high," he said. "It's the first time I used it."

"Well?" I said.

"I aim to use it again. On you."

THE ELECTRIC TIMES

Vol. III No. 51 — June 19, 1968 — N.Y. — S.F.

BRANLEZ-VOUS DANS LE FILM SOLIDE. Découpage conflit—News cast absolutely nothing—Take Ike's 1961 farewell address you can put that speech through the laundromat & still not keep the threat from coming true. (Military-Industrial Complex rising out of misdirected sexual energy... Many listeners indignant that the subject should be openly discussed)—

Joe Brokovich is on vacation from these columns ("I'm not called Joe-le-Nègre for nothing... write you all into NEWSWEEK sex giggles April 14, 1969...yes, just grab her & run...") winning smile of the ex-cop, his cover shadowed by spasms of street violence in Chicago.

Police Parallèle Retroactively Evict Washkansky from his heart-lung machine///Time Bomb Clamped Down the Lid in the East///A Million Years of Silence in NY Discothèque/// Goodbye to Ike in the American Museum///these are the headlines, now for the details on these & other stories//

"The American Cancer Society placed a time embargo on these tapes—By March 10 the artificial fog cleared over many a loose ship—16 months of war crimes return au pays du virus in newsreels—"

"These people took a fall in ashes of Treblinka—I went back to the smell of death about town suggested there wasn't much left—Mysterious death abroad moved closer in dirty pictures—On 16 TV exhausted flesh died in grey, did they contact you about it;—"

"Je suis ailleurs, very still now, the gun pointed at all the devious words I brought back, ready to give 'em a squirt (Lingering taste of dirty pictures visit you moy alone in such tense & awful silence to stay for some more time...wouldn't you?)..."

HUMAN TIME BOMBS. "Here realize all the desolate words give under an overload of reefer & exhausted flesh ebbing from your tape to make this *vide* . . ." So I went back to look around some more & largely incompetent channels let it all out like a sprung camera. 'Get outta my set! Who are you to fuck with my scanning rhythms?! . . '

Largest & most powerful communications satellite launched to date was put into synchronous orbit February 9 over the Pacific built for the US Dept. of Defense . . . "Roger . . Linwood & Euclid . . men with rifles" — ". . want help!" — "All units . . all units . . 10-5 needs help . . " — Patrolmen Czapski

and Worobec dead in a pool of blood on the sidewalk.

In blunt unclinical summation Sirhan hated Kennedy, Polacks, and Rorschach tests and didn't remember any of the writing in his seized notebooks—"That son of a bitch," he muttered as he was quick-marched to the holding tank off the judge's bench.

Speeter of U.S. economic imperialism remains alive in a veil of open secrecy "and give or take a few hundred million dollars/hardly worth getting excited about . . ."

"We're sitting ducks out here," veteran Pakistani diplomat said with the deck thus stacked against him by martial law. (Kipling Country rapidly coming apart at the seams.)

"All we need is a few bodies in Wenceslaus Square to put everything back into deep freeze . . ."

érections radioactives au-dessus du cercueil d'Ike—Gowon & Co, tap the American Wet Dream—An empty gesture liquidiates Anguilla—"The cruelest thing you can do is raise the mano dura in these here latin backwaters & then clamp down the lid on south america . . . In fact why didn't we do that in the first place," said outgoing U.S. ambassador to the OAS.

RECAP. Drove all the words into a dying film///fire sprang from the operating theater///

newscast gave under an overload of exhausted speech bubbles///

"You can cut that tape to make this vocal hemorrhage explode in the laundromat & let the Images go up with it—In fact why didn't we put 'em there in the first place, les choses étant telles qu'elles sont . . ."—

So this station went off the air amid sex giggles of largely incompetent organisms but the Threat still hung there like a sprung trap—Où sont les Nègres d'antan? Write you all into jellied consommé ebbing from shipwrecked communications satellites—

"Yes just grab the camera & train it on all the septic mush you are issued from this rundown studio then mix it around & maybe stir in a dose of electronic clap for good measure . . ."

Launched into synchronous orbit of enforced illiteracy the audience is transported quite literally to spasms of street violence by the winning smile of the ex-cop or ex-nazi advertising exec and the old dictator broadcasts powerful sex giggles from his iron lung . . . 'Puta Madre!' he shrieks. 'I'm gonna chew up the all-american crotch with jissom blasts of cut-rate patriotic shit like nuthin' ya seen! . . .'

Police Parallèle were lining up the evening's shots. We shot back . . . with better aim. "Easy," says Brunner in a pool of blood on the sidewalk.

Goodbye to Ike as sound trucks blare sexual energy in the American Museum.

(Misdirected anti-semitism in L.A.—Details on the nazi ticket were never uncovered—"We have a right to be indignant because we're WHITE," said the Mayor. "In blunt unclinical summation, gentlemen, the glib maneuvers of our creeping opponents will inevitably come apart at the seams like an incompetent rorschach test . . .")

THAT WAS THE WEEK THAT WAS. And didn't the lobby from the cancer front put a time embargo on these packages?—Well these people went limp already in stereo silence & by March 10 a rusty claw from the Grey Studio seized all the records and put them out on subliminal x-rays like a smog—Time to write off many a loose ship, gentlemen.

(16 months the paretic assassin muttered in the holding tank)

Specter of dead juntas comes alive in a veil of ashes. There wasn't anything secret about U.S. Imperialism give or take a few million dead that passed unnoticed in the shuffle. Same with the Krauts. (Nationwide autodafé of 'guilty bystanders' overshadowed by the cadaverous

stench of polluted yes-men minds . . . sawed-off gangster pricks sputter varicose propaganda in the Coca Cola Colony . . . glib publishers & hack writers, cobwebs of dead vowels trailing from their occluded asses . . . 'Ach ja, Ernst Juenger wasn't bad, nicht wahr . . .' the fall list explodes like a deck of dirty pictures thus stacked against tomorrow)—

Martial law moved in via satellite & put everything back into deep freeze, very still now in Wenceslaus Sq. from the looks of it you'd think Jan Palach has turned the last page for nothing here . . .

16 months tapping a forgotten dream in the white subway of my nerves. Un poste de TV enfou dans le sang. Wer manipuliert die Television des Todes? Well you figure it out in all the desolate words & empty gestures of the year that was . . . Quite a thankless job by the way.

That police veteran surfaced on many a frontpage with his winning smile, n'est-ce pas? . . . so slimy . . . make you feel nasty all over . . .

"My, my . . . handjob under the dashboard, huh? Looks like we got ourselves a li'l problem here . . ."

"Little problem he says . . . my god just look at me! . . ."

THE ALIEN WORD IN YOUR MACHINE. Subversion Plan
derriere ces mots from demolition tape all around you
enters nervous system in cold blood

electrical flotsam already in your
flesh your words your brain many times spliced in with
our nerves

surround us in the Android Jungle

(the colorless veins of a tape
recorder its echo claws dug into 1816 bring the film
on set

that is YOU)

Neuro/Reality intersection with someone's inside

Other Half

sprawled through your system Metabolic Roulette
('seems to be ME') "are you?" fades & circles my flesh
the Blue Consulate has become an extension of confessions ('Was there
before you') Hallucinatory winds of exile

muttering down your throat like this
the Death Transvestites flicker eyes & tongues broadcast on
short wave of the Grey Generation

**THE.BODY.IN.GREY.CUT.INTO.THE.STRATEGY.
OF.IMAGES.**

Last spasms in the Genetic Loudspeaker twitches of the
Sensory Program Pornographic commercials sloped through
at an angle

('Remember Who Shot
YOU?') Control viewfinder moves through global
membranes of Panic

whole planet engulfed in phantom gadgetry & electronic
junk

**PHOTO.HAND.SIGNS.DEAD.STAR. REVERSE. LASER.
BEAM.ON.ALL.TAPE.**

(Like this the broadcast blue before you) ('Krissake get
the handcuffs on them dirty pictures!') connection
broken

time scar tissue I.Am.The.Word.
In.Your.Machine.Neither.Alive.Nor.Dead. (Apomorphine
unfolds blueprint of the very limited time that remains

Power of the Silent
Image half buried in windtunnels of gossip

(When you answer the
machine you answer your enemies answer each other in
your machine answer)

S T O P
let the machines talk argue complain across miles of electri-
fied air let the smell of weeds from old come end this/their
/your/ irrelevant answer

All association tracks arrested in 1940 wind & dust
memory
pictures/verbal replicas/warm & musty through the air/
beget Image/repetition repeat virus pictures repetition sets
of word&image/ si mequieres let the machine quiver &
belch in the sands of Magical Street photo flip gunsmoke
shreds of a voice over the pale horizon .

(fold-in Burroughs—McLuhan—Pelieu—Weissner)

'MAN WE BEEN SUBLIMATED' Sleepy and Tony walked
onto the porch just before the sale. 'Our boy is meeting
Sleepy . . . they're going back to the house . . . they're
talking in the hallway now . . . it looks like Sleepy went
upstairs . . .' — 'Dan, Tony's got his coat off . . . he's coming
toward you . . . that's it . . . get in the car, just stay in the
car! our man is shooting up there! . . '

Roentgen lung of mysterious machine sputtering
Braille. The thoughtographs went up in silver dust. Hit Rue

Zéro as blood screamed on the Insect Wave, Johnny 'Hed' entered thru my eyes. Bullet sang in the window, grey film flicker sores all over his skin. Trap was sprung.

'Payday' Joe looked around the room, he was an old photo in the one-way mirror. Cold narrow smile slid back into his mouth thin as a knifeblade in the air. 'Just look at my experience . . . tell you a trick or two to separate the sucker and his veins . . . '

Tumescent photo came down at the 23rd cut—Whistling thru my blood like this—'Just a technical ectoplasm . . . take it from an old medic . . .' —Silver blobs of amnesia fell thru his brain—

Traumatic smile—He was an old photo faded in cyanide dust—'remember this sick body . . . remember flaky flesh the ashes? . . . quiet now I go . . . a dying film behind your eyes . . .'

"You're keeping the Man from Mars standing on a windy roof," K raised his voice, "Is there anyone smart enough to lead us to this conference room?"

"Take it easy, man," said the old SS officer fingering his infrasound pistol kinda obscenely. "As far as I'm concerned he's just another alien dummy, and if I had my way . . . "

"Oscar, I can tell you authoritatively this guy is a rare specimen . . . practically in a class by himself . . . "

"Aw shit! . . . real steak I tell you . . . stick a fork in it and it will moo . . . experienced along these lines, you know . . . "

Flickering stereovision tanks blanketed the area—Old wise eyes in a completely placid face—Image came alive twittered in any flesh—"Sub/Lim . . . Thaw . . . Technical Alleys . . . Take Over . . . Alien . . . Body . . . Sound . . . Scan . . . Interrogate . . . Process . . ."

He shrugged, "Quien sabe . . ."—Faceless Image rigged to light up pure take-over connections—"Fourth-class mental albinos . . .," the Scientific Administrator made a deprecating gesture. "Practically begging to get rimmed . . ."—

"Object like polished aluminum . . . a catwalk running around it . . . red lights flashing off & on . . . & then there's this weird composite character steps out of a port hole . . . a sound like sirenas de alarma . . . I went for my gun & froze . . . paralyzed . . . 'Man we been sublimated,' he said grinning & shot into the sky . . ."

Audience-humiliation programs penetrating the farthest corners of the planet—Anxiety deaths—Hysterical blindnesses—Blood spurts freckle TV of the world.

ENCEPHALITIS AMBUSH. The scene opens on Columbus, Ga. red dust sifts across the highway that runs toward Ft. Benning littered with broken bodies left in the wake of a Viet Cong raid.

"Gentlemen this film will show our american people where it's really at . . .," says the Minister of Propaganda, he is stamping around in the dust wearing his leather trimmed beret at a defiant angle clutching a portable microphone 6 ft. 4 leathery cursing & hollering the man who from Fort Apache to Dien Bien Phu has never lost a war snapping orders scribbling script changes listening with a frown to questions lining up the evening's shots he stood there surveying the crowd the barefoot oriental children who had come on chartered buses along with some 600 extras to cry & wear bloody bandages . . .

"WELCOME TO OUR WAR!" (grand gesture)

"Honey . . .," he turns to the Grey Reporter of the Last Times, "It's risky to make any picture . . . but war

stories — good ones — have all been successes & this one has great entertainment . . . the drama of Vietnam can be a very exciting audience picture . . . ”

Clouds of acrid smoke mangled bodies trenches shored up with corrugated tin sand-bagged storage bunkers & mortar pits dispensary hooches of the strike force camp montagnard tribesmen a special forces A team in the cleared killing zone between camp & jungle.

“30 seconds over Agadir & I been here 3 months awready for krissake let’s illuminate the shooting area & get on with it . . !”

“NOW FOLKS,” the Minister boomed into the microphone from a distance, “you can ruin a big shot like this by laughing . . be serious . . about half you people will be killed so this is serious . . be professional . . & remember you men who have been assigned to drop dead don’t do so short on shading & nuance . . !”

Rifles cracked in the night black smoke billowed from the mess tents where Hollywood had set up shop—“God dammit the flower of our army doesn’t know how to . . arrrrgh!”—Soldiers swarmed up & over the hills ‘teaching the people english . . ’

“You men have been trained in longbow crossbow garrote techniques of demolition hand-to-hand combat psycho warfare . . for fucksake!” yelled one of the fact-finding celebrities, “Now get the lead outta your asses & to coin a phrase I happen to cherish: let’s win the hearts & the minds of the people!”—

A Red Beret held in sight viet platoon scurrying through the jungle—

“You guys you’re going to have dinner with the Borgias!”

Two stuntmen worked them over with a blackpowder bomb—

"Technical authenticity," explained the Minister-& then tense silence on set as Wayne walked into an ambush with an orphaned creole child—

"That was GA-REAT folks," he grinned as he came to—"Darling Corey got killed dead tho . . . poor critter . . . lucky we got that closing scene with him already in the can . . ."—He flopped on a bench & began popping candy corn into his mouth from his cupped fist—"All this stuff about an 'unpopular' war . . . why hell I even did time with the motion picture alliance for the preservation of american ideals in the 40s it was if my memory serves . . . ain't nothing like a good long stint in cowboy quickies to keep your patriotic blood up gents . . . !"

(Quoted mostly from the NY Times Magazine, Dec. 24, 1967)

THE 'EXPERIMENT' Pohl & his men left Gavreau's Laboratories in Marseille with an instrument rather like an over-size police whistle 18 feet across & set up shop on a motor launch off Le Ricot—(Oblique reference to Prof. Vladimir Gavreau's "acoustic laser" (infrasonic whistle)—'The destructive possibilities are unlimited you can reach a target as far as 30 miles away infrasonic whistles can be mounted on trucks & tanks and can be played over a target area as easily as one aims a fire hose . . . by tuning the weapon to one particular frequency you could reduce people to animals . . .'—Vibrations at the rate of 7 cycles a second (7 hertz) match wavelengths recorded for electrical activity in the human brain a person subjected to such waves becomes confused & unable to perform any kind of mental activity—' . . . By tuning on the full force you could kill them . . .'—Boosted to full strength vibration will set up in the victim's eyeballs & in his internal organs internal bleeding will begin & in a few moments result in painful death—'

... Buildings, too, could not resist successive & regular blasts . . . ' (quote V. Gavreau)—"I know who they are. They are French people . . . all right . . . look out . . . look out . . ." (Last Words of 'Dutch' Schulz)—)

Le Ricot under heavy masks of premonition—Fading squares—Incandescent hotels by the port—Palpitating profiles—An open line through yesterday's dream—Worn smooth in saucy rectal waters—Clump of animal sex—Wired through glass, tattooed heads—Melting grey room & in the morning a huge blue sun over the horizon—Through water tangle of hairy hotels frothy ports stained with frozen blood—Random beasts trailing glycerine shadows phosphorescent lines through dust— "... me font chier avec leurs palpitations métalliques . . !"—Flicked dirt fuck—shoved face down on bed—Fingered the air, his other half—Legs over the ceiling—The place stuck in blood—"Owe me a piece of ass on your knees . ."—Anatomy cracks, nosferatu claw dug in the groin—"Like I knew nothing too good for the meat guard . ."—6 months of flesh, come in the cell wall—Knife through smoke & stale lungs spit light—"Look out . . ! ça se passera comme à Marseille . . ."—

Blue swirls & blurs through sluggish water scum & slime—Tangle of hairy come—stained masks—Sliver of sun over the horizon—Frothy eyes—Animal blood in sex orbit—Hunting the dead images like this fading through a silver port—Glycerine lines where yesterday's voice spelled out profiles of anguish against a dim sky—Cold sun close now as a wet dream—Flesh now an open line wrecked in grey sap—Anatomy winds loud & clear through incandescent brains—Whistle line of shadow blown up, out—Outside the dirty window bleared by city scum a clump of manzanita, damp bay dew—"Some skin, man . . ."— Melting tang—Receding

footsteps of the crippled guard, bleat of crickets from the dark grass—Odor of disinfectant laced with the smell of stale wax & worn metal furniture—The Professor rises wired through the lungs—Ribs of ice—Fluorescent tube lights—Soiled image on glass—

Under heavy anxiety riffs fading squares incandescent asphalt lines through yesterday's SCHREI, a clump of animal scum—Funnel mornings, out over the concrete stained with grey light—Cracked skin—Suicide mirages underneath—'Me font chier avec . . .' their sweaty flesh out at an angle—Contractions, submersions, & then—Legs flip out up to the ceiling—Phosphorescent excrement—cracked bodies clawing larval illusions—wheeling through electric steam & mush—spit rectal shadows—Fadeout anatomy slime & dust—

Cold that day in a grey purplish hotel by the port calloused mouths blaring mute gibberish, brains worn out in gangrene fields of the Inaudible Virus—Suicided out—Infra-red-grey, gone down in glass screech of destruction—Dead tics, metallic shadows through dust—Acid cities stuck in paralyzing jelly of silence—Bulging gutters runways robot meat walls—Dilapidated lungs, sunk in deadly audio-visual smoke—Mangy ground harboring stillborn populations, the failure of ages, their naked eyes, lidless, frozen, staring forever, out of nowhere . . .

THE ELECTRIC TIMES

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PREVISION PARA MANANA. (Gaslight flash of white undersea eyes)—Past rubber automat & out through the warped plastic curtain dead end street flickered in the noon heat—'Dual controls country,' he decided . . . 'need the white silence to check out'—The driver shrugged 'Who can say not looking around?'—His face screen went dead—Who can say? Looking around with a flamethrower roaring past the Cafe de France closed at this time of day hair shit & blood swept over the spanish billboard. Walled in by fractured image maze of the Invaders.

Vast subsonic sirocco plays electric music over crackling puncheard land and great rents rip the valley from Lyon to Marseille—So we take it all out & start over on spinal levels.

At Coburn's he found the sheriff slumped in a chair.

"It had to be sometime after midnight, near as I can calculate."

"You sure nobody left town last night?"

"Nobody reported a horse stolen."

"Which means they've both found a hideout in Cornerstone. The killer and your witness."

"Gone now fossil armies through splintered flesh exits you see? Cut image orders to

glass screech of panic. Hieroglyphic hands scrawl FINI.. MOULU AQUI across the snow covered planes of Utah—In the dead smell of past showdowns your filtered voice in my open throat, my last gasp . . ."

The car swerved upwards winding across cracked mirror skles . . . & then a wide U-turn to what is dying here . . . up or down the empty screen you see your voice winding through hieroglyphs of spinal music . . .

So we land on disaster negatives in the white eye of the tornado. 23 lost on a bad guess waiting on the mouldy wind . . .

This sad program of the Evening News was junked after many a bad take.

WORD INCINERATORS. Thick odor of gassed skin on the Jewish Screen—The old Nazi croaker nods out over a cuba libre cut with strychnine—(Electric eels twitch in black milk)—Kaputt in Yokohama streets the Ugly American hit the fan & screamed radar dummies—On automat screens the last exploded face.

White penis silhouette from the Orion Dream Stuff—Gun-powdered eyes with nerve ends exposed—Vast tinfoil sky of dead radar.

Woke up in yellowed sky signs in the dead smell of Made in Germany headlines spurt

atrophied blood of war—
Cannibal patriots howl street
executions, blonde gangsters put
the rope around their neck &
jump from the grandstand.

The lawman stepped out to
the edge of the boardwalk and
glanced up and down the street.
He turned back to face the big
man.

"So until I've had a chance to
scout around and check a thing
or two, nobody's quitting the
territory," he stated flatly.

"They'll call you high-
handed," JB warned him.

"SA marschiert!"—Anybody
listening?—Country drifts
through contracting space of
fascist language.

TV foetuses are rampant in
the Anthropometric Room—
Automated dummies of ersatz
flesh—Passengers of MISSION
DEADLINE.

Suicide commandos cut the
dotted line to freedom. By 1969
the fire swept senate to deadline
theater. (Dead man jacked off
on Capitol Hill) gush of blood
from terraces of mutation flesh.

Telescoped into pink shit
plaintive german land. Stale odor
of electric rubbish as gassed
visitors blew up in doorways &
front-page cunt.

"Gum up the ship already
with passengers on the run . . ?"

ANEMIC CINEMA. Copy of a copy of a copy of an old FBI film in the grey Paramount Studio. Tracer bullets through a maze of bleeding traffic lights & pinball machines//**The Cadillac exploded in the dead end street//** SUBWAY TRAIN ROARS THROUGH A CURTAIN OF LUMINOUS INTESTINES// 'Come on, Brunner: WHO SHOT YOU?///

A deux pas de Main Street. Records went up. The Syndicate Killer drowned in formaldehyde. /// Out the back door & into the car screeched around the corner on two wheels . . . The driver scratched a rusty gum from under the dashboard. "Vamos . . . sabe shit? . . . hay que crearle una memoria . . . the asshole! . . ." /// The room clicked into phosphorescent roentgen light. K (a white fossil skeleton) went for his gun & froze. His flesh peeled through a black window. Speech bubbles fizzed in the icy air.

"You see, Brunner, we don't need the film . . . all we need is the sound track . . . WE CAN MAKE YOU WRITHE JUST LOOKING AT AN EMPTY SCREEN . . ."

(Worn out film, difficult to focus, blank rushes in between, a broken caption now & then at an angle, faded yellow in a black frame . . . 'Out of the radio slot too late' . . . 'Last fix erased from their minds . . .' /CUT/ Face of the young junkie, soaked with cold sweat, twitching broken mouth . . . 'Please, please . . . I'm all through . . . can't make another move . . . Just don't make this here knife do tricks . . . please . . .')

And then he let it all out like a sprung watch.

(Habit screwed my mind up, all I wanted to do was bang H and coast . . . that morning he hadn't brought me no stuff in 24 hours . . . I was crawling on the floor clutching my sick guts when he walked in . . . He stood over me

flashing that gold in his jib . . . 'Easy now, you pretty yellow bastard . . . There's a panic . . . couldn't cop no stuff until this morning . . . a sixteenth in Spic Town . . . you know I got to love your stinkin junkie ass to stick my neck out like that' . . . He held the tiny cellophane pack out to me . . . I was too weak to take it . . . 'For krissake cook it for me & load my outfit . . . it's inside that candy-striped tie in the closet' . . . I was one big ache & cramp . . . He walked slowly over to the closet fumbled past the striped tie on the rack . . . finally got the spike out of the lining . . . I was too weak to shoot the H when he got it cooked . . . I held my arm out flat on the carpet . . .)

The Oldtimer proffered a pack of Past Time, I was too weak to remember /// SUBWAY AIR RUSHES THROUGH A HOT NEEDLE /// His saliva glittered through a curtain of bloody cellophane . . . **The Killer fumbles with the spike & sags under infrared light.** Johnny 'Hed' put a match to the records and the stuff blew up like dynamite. I took another look and saw his copy in the film, he is cooking it, loading the needle, & then it shoot outta the Commissar's eyes like tracer bullets . . .

The Syndicate Killer is hanging out of the wrecked Cadillac rusty needle still in his arm . . . **'Come clean now . . . WHO SHOT YOU?'**

My vein had shot up into the dropper/ The car screeched in the Enormous Room/ Patches of rust broke out on the windows/

At noon two rollers broke the door down. I was coasting. On the floor. Draped in my PJs. They found the H. End of the line.

Ominous room & that shiv glint like solid ice. You could of heard a mosquito crapping on the moon. He stabbed the needle into the carpet 'OK now suck the snot outta that! . . . '

TV static. Glittering gutters. Soiled electric flesh in soundless circles. "That's enough now . . !!" She was loaded/ lasted a total/ rusty fingers/ I shot/ STOP!/ sick junkie there by the window/ she hung over the banisters on the 5th floor/ Cadillac with the two narks I dropped the package in the gutter/ 'All night . . . puking sick you see?' crawled on the floor naked (His gold teeth glittered through the foam 'Boy you're lucky as a shithouse rat.') The words, further & further removed, trailing off in the thin air . . . Bug fumes . . . refuse rotting on a corner . . .

My blood had shot up into the dropper. He was pressing the bulb. I saw the blood-streaked liquid draining into me. My ticker went berserk, I could feel it clawing up my throat.

"You'll be all right in a minute," he muttered somewhere in the room. "You thought I was bullshitting you when I told you I had the best stuff in town? . . pure dynamite . . ."

I tried to open my mouth. I couldn't I felt like the top of my head had been crushed in . . . like I had been blown apart & all that was left was my eyes. He had a time trying to bang himself. He was only 32 but most of his veins had folded. He finally hit pay day in his inner right thigh.

His face lit up like a blowtorch. Brutal shots zeroed in on oscillating screens beaming junkie grin. "Abspritzen! . . . Branlez-vous dans le film solide! . . . Tas d'enculés! . . . Shithouse rats! . . ." Electric bugs trailing glycerine tracks in dust. Asthmatic flesh-synchronizations. "And if the veins give out . . . a shot under the lid!" (Easy now as blood came free in his eyes) "Words . . . words . . . shee-it! . . . that's a film for the blind . . . junk, that's what your hooked ass is itching for! . . . Chalk it up as pure electrification . . ."

Amnesia hands broke the door down under glassy skin. So I looked around & decide time to hit the floor. The Man edged in from nowhere & held out hours of black smoke yen. ('Funny when you're sick you almost black as me . . ') It's inside my skull, the bloody photos cramp & croak. Light waves stirred in my veins as the runner cooked the white shit & load my outfit . . . I lay there freezing in lead waters. He leaned over me & searched for a vein breathing over my blue skin stabbed the needle into a pile of light. Blood-streaked shivs exploded in my brain. Screwed through slow motion folds of dawn trailing our heavy flesh . . . 'You there, Andy? . . . Slim? . . '

Slimy kiss of come huddle on my tongue. Cool morning breeze blew silver dandruff dew through the wrecked room. Shivering on the iron floor. Fumbling my blind flesh.

We sat facing each other in the dark. (She is something inside my skull . . . A PHOTO THAT FLAPS ON THE SPLINTERED SCREEN) Looking for a vein in my naked breath all morning sick in a pile of light (Bloody saliva glittering on razor blades in the oxygen tent /// Rapid succession of phantom subway trains through developer fluid) His mouth is pumping in my flesh, I can feel the words clawing up my throat.

"Do you have a gram, Andy? . . ." "Seen Moe Thomas last night . . ?" "Yep . . he drew a blank in Detroit . . ." "Lemme have one on spec . . I'll pay tomorrow . . " Spic Town désesperanto. Blood washed over his face THE DROPPER IN HIS PUTRID FLESH filled in slow motion. I saw dust suns on my tongue. The bulb puffed up in my throat.

Cornered by a maze of blind mouths. I saw the sour vomit oozing out of his nose. 'Pull out that spike for krissake PULL IT OUT!'

/// I waited for the reefer to fill her skull. When it was down to a roach I cocktailed it for her. I raised her right leg & rubbed my cheek against it.

/// "You'll be all right," he says somewhere in the dark. "Any shit no matter how good is bound to get rancid if you don't keep your lines pumping . . . hafta shoot a dynamite photo once in a while . . . take it from an old veterinarian . . ."

/// She said, "Goddammit, Blood, I'm high . . ." Her eyes were dreamy, she slid down in her leather chair /CUT/ She snaps back into focus, her face is covered with small-pox craters, a switchblade pops out of her hand 'All right, lemme see that pretty dick, handsome . . !'

/// As if my eyes had dropped in the gutter. **The Cadillac had gone up IN THE NAKED ROOM.** The .32 glittered in his hand. He finally hit something in my flesh. Pumped me full of razor blades. /// I fingered the ready jolt of C in my pocket. I took it out & hid it against the side of my chair . . . 'Yeah, you sure can't escape that freak desperate spark,' I muttered between her thighs. 'Baby, your luck has changed . . . you hit the jackpot . . .' I saw a fat line way up on her thigh. I eased the spike into it. She flinched. The dropper flashed red. I pressed the bulb slowly. Her eyes widened, her white teeth bit into her bottom lip. I emptied the dropper & pulled out the gun. She took her leg off the chair arm. She half rose in the chair, retched violently, and slumped back.

Bloodshot neon clouds. Glycerin & vomit coalescing on the screen. Mass media radiate asthmatic slow motion flesh. I watched her sag in paralyzing jelly. 'What . . ?' There's room for one more in my eyes when the veins give out. 'Easy now . . .' And then her mouth opened in my throat. 'Did you see that? . . . the asshole . . !'

I waited for her hands to disappear. Head of blue glass. The needle wrecked the door in my skin. Singed lips slumped back in the tarnished mirror. /// Johnny clung to my thighs. The 'Spritzer' came over and rubbed blood & wind into his lines. "Ain't no shit can fix that ruin of a body," he decided. He peeled the yellow condom gloves from his arthritic fingers & threw them in the waste basket. "Expense account," he said smiling. Johnny's body peeled through a rusty window. /// 'Tu vas partir, non . . ?' God knows I was thin. There wasn't much left when I looked in the mirror. Like a washed out negative.

Glassy skin screeched on phosphorescent tracks. That red spike flat on the carpet. And he just stood there shaking. Too weak to cop blood. Cold sweat trickled from his eyes. 'Load me you ugly bastard I'm gonna croak! . . ' Brunner ran a shiv into twilight & quivering veins. /// Whore's grey face split in scratch fever. We trapped her on the 23rd floor & hung her out the window. That did it. She flipped & went straight to the funny farm. /// TRACER BULLETS OF SUPPURATING ICE THROUGH HOOKED EYES /// Trapped flesh. That white blood was from Detroit. 24 hours tightened around my freezing guts as he walked in. 'Now . . ?' Made it three times on the floor yellow twilight dirged through the room. /// Johnny 'Hed' pulled the gun out of my lung and I felt the tic inside my skull & quivering puke in my dry throat. He walked out in razor arc of night.

A thin film of white foam stood on her lips. Her red eyes got dim. She leaned over & reached for the phone, lost balance & slumped to the floor, her fossil hand clutching the receiver. 'You rat! I'm gonna have your ass for this . . !' Security risk, I decided. The knife opened almost by itself in my pocket.

"Can't make it . . ." "Aw cut it out . . . you'll be all right . . ." "Krissake hurry up . . . & make sure you don' come back with no flea powder . . !" /// Looked again & saw Brunner in a barrage of roentgen light, the glassy .32 still in his hand. THE CADILLAC CLICKED THROUGH THE DARKROOM. Fever pumped in my flesh. The 23rd floor was stopped up with razor blades.

Cornered by phantom coke bugs the whole bunch of them. Ominous room split in already contaminated brain hooked forever on *estas palabras*. His eyes clicked wide in flames of blue jissom. "T'es un d'ceux qu'ici montrent la bite?" This time he didn't make it. Grew rusty sores in a room, puking sick.

"Screw that fever lump? Who am I a body-stripper already . . ?!"

As if I was far away AND JUST NOW THE FILM CLICKS BACK INTO ME // I merge with the Invisible Enemy/ I can hear him breathe in my blood . . .

Blue movies spawn on silk mirrors. Syphilitic atrocity shots glow on slimy skin. 'I can't . . . if you look at me I really can't . . .' 'Aw cut it out . . !' 'Hurry up, willya . . .' (Yellowed photo of a hopeless face) Luminous sky signs discharge purulent glycerin.

I can see him go down in slow motion. In the dead coke film. Helpless look toppled into the Black Window. "Easy now with the dynamite . . . I saw an intern once that went up in a cloud of formaldehyde . . . couldn't get his mouth off the filler neck . . . sure was a sight to behold . . ." (Pulverized eyes fizz in the Blind Room) "You should've heard that toothless gasp come free in his jib . . . tasty! . . "

Johnny disappeared in a maze of hallucinatory faces. (RUSTY RAZOR BLADES MELT IN HIS EYES) I can feel

his blue breath clicking back into my lungs. But I am far away. His torn body flops around in the Old Film. He clings to my double. '**For krissake man stop the film! . . . STOP THE FILM!! . . .**'

Far away, Johnny. I peel his raw body out of my clothes. Only his last words remain hanging in the room. Yeah, Johnny, all these words were mine once all the white words in that bloody cellophane package. SABE SHIT? Well you figure it out.

The 'Spritzer' has caught a hot line, you can almost watch the narks suck him through the receiver . . .

The last junkie, a tubercular shit ghost, shleps through the TV slush of Spic Town. Not much left. Like a shaven photograph. The whores are screeching in the silk swamps. Bloody glass wool is pushing out of the hole in his flesh.

MOE THOMAS COMES RUNNING FROM AN OLD FILM. 'Load me you ugly bastard I'm gonna croak . . !' Sizzling dust vanes over rotting refuse. Gongs of blood around the horizon. DO YOU SEE NOW THAT THE SCREEN IS EMPTY?

VEINTE CENTAVOS EN LA RANURA. "Remember this sick body?—He came very close his eyes went out he slid down in front of me"—Curtains of cyanide dust (Green odor of a musty lawn)—Something stirs in my lungs—I fade into the Metabolic Roulette—We made it to Palavas on the razor edge of C—' We are swollen with shadows,' he said—(His face blinked off & on in fields of viscous come)—Needle Park traffic jam—sick junkie at the corner mouthing 6 dollar words—'Chalk it up as pure electrification . . .'—It was all there in his eyes like in a rearview mirror.

Eleven months later almost a year—I was reading them

backwards—It's nothing, I said, (my eyes dissolved in the spoon) . . . in the 2nd floor kitchen . . . they came in with oxygen masks . . . "Get in the car, punk, before we O.D. you . . !"—Zero Degree after hours coming down—zero degree of waking & not waking—(His body sinks through the floor, his breath inside a wall of nerves—Imbalance of elevators in the veins of the night) — \$50 deal the take off—Just lay there for hours—Sound of falling flesh—(.38 shot overdose . . . Cleveland poet . . . his brain blew up into the camera):

'Come off it . . .'—red to the 14th floor the writing on the wall—a rigged face, heavy lidded eyes—the strained images of skin ghosts on the nod in carbon monoxide—24-hour flash—subway rides, yellow brick road, smeared eyedropper—world of schmecked out flesh—It's all done with mirrors & tape recorders—(He came at me in a mirror of blood)—I hear him cough in the other room, a white face in the night, his shivering skin burns in my lungs—

We didn't change our brand for eleven months, almost a year—The telephone gave under crackling static—a Denver hotel—busted there—Open line folded under my numb fingers—'Alone tonight will fit what I say . . .'—(flat italian accent)—Silence invades my groin—

Eleven months—(A subway ride that ends in a pile of nerves)—Hospital by the lake I hear him cough in the empty room—The cigarette, a finger, falls from his hand—Que disiez-vous? (A name not clear)—Magnetic field of habit—'You can hear the blood sort of whistling . . .'—Old spiral staircase white with wind & rain—I know . . . tracing your eyes like this . . . through the Last Exit . . .'

Veinte centavos en la ranura—was all it took—(he entered through a slit in the brain caught the screen dimming huge flesh & then his hand split clutching

Au sud de San Francisco,

Les rêves ozonisés

WAR



Tout ce qui vit exprime les traces du vent --- et le paysage secret de ce qui fut particulier ---, au delà le point mortel du désir débouchant sur l'espace des lentes

Le condamné allergique aux prières flottait dans les restes de l'orage-bonne-volonté ---

Le Groupe Ménopause de San Francisco se perdait dans l'insurrection bouddhiste --- les visages reculaient, les cérémonies de peaux livraient l'adaleasant-spectre à la Rue Solo-Bleu d'Onan City 19.

24 heures

Society Jones et José Bravo étaient nés noirs --- Gaillots-piégés dans la v

Elle vous empêche de dormir ?

Au courant de l'électricité, bien sûr, o therapy --- J'ai suivi les vivants et très dominés par jamais --- Il ne faut que les morts gagnent ---

C'EST-A-DIRE

Tout (rien) sauté ce pauvre moi maché verbe ---

Oscar Carl, Mary Beach et Henry sont pour notre plaisir --- mes huit cheveux imprimeurs --- As tu des de Bill Grey ? --- Do de Rosa a juil t'accueillit --- OK --- All the Claude Fe Cé

CHAINE HI-FI

Encore de la réalité, aliment de violence loin l'histoire dérisoire du fluor --- rires des bêtes longues --- des doigts-éventails --- iris terrestres vauchant les robes de quelqu'un ---

dans le métro



Writte
Please

Une vitrine



spasmodic words . . . "Go ahead & shoot . . . well go ahead!"—spent all afternoon searching for a vein—vague airhammers like frozen gongs through the blood—the film was rigged—glittered as he ran galaxy of sputum from his sick mouth—' Feel it now swelling rising? . . . fucking blood rope . . . '—bled hour hung in my brain like marble smoke —crumpled copy of a body—engram hands shuffled blazing films of H flesh a whiff of ashes—

"So we inject the Images just where the two halves meet & harp on, right? . . . the viewer doesn't know what hit him . . . a 'mainline to heaven' we call it . . . indetectable . . . it's better than a hot needle . . ." (I could feel the itch right down near the bone as I saw the gun fade to black in his hand)—the Mercedes fainted in the narrow street—oh that's a beauty—hurry up attracted by something else in the 'world of narcotics'—SHOW YOUR CARDS ALL PLAYERS—'Look out you can be traced' over the phone—Looked up & around, and there was just no way—

He stood over me—"Excremental pitch what . . ?"—and then as the raw morning crept through my flesh—"Too weak to shake your junkie ass outta stinkin nod?"—coasting crouched in a chair suffused with blood—He stabbed the needle into the carpet—"Suck the snot out of that!"—

Pressed the bulb in my pocket my blood slumped back in the leather chair . . . I raised her leg & rubbed my prick over the sole of her foot I could feel her eyes clawing up my throat . . .' Bitch I'm gonna paralyse your ass,' I muttered between her thighs . . . I emptied the gun in her crotch her mouth sputtered hot balls of puke . . . 'Pay day! . . .'

Infernal gang-bang on the carpet—faint ripples of light stirred phosphorescent blood screamed inside my skull—

Trapped flesh screwed through slow undulations of thaw & come—Her face came up bright & fat between my legs—'Load me you ugly bastard . . I'—(clawing my blind flesh)—Her eyes swam with evil lust—(oh that's a beauty)—she leaves a red smear across my belly—the needle buried there in the fat purple make-up of her slit—'Her snatch see? ain't but demolished blood streaks across the shambles lot . . '—Her grey eyes dirged through film of empty ruined pricks—Switchblade glittered in the thick vapid air—spurts of putrescent rouge—Mirror fillgree of suppurating plush circling the photos worn points of polluted water—Paralyzed shot into the sky—Their eyes rushes of blank film—Cancerous fingers clawing lung erections—Ring of sores on his skin like crumbling flowers—(stumbles & flakes off in arabesques of blue & grey goo)—

VOYAGE AU BOUT DU FOYER INSURRECTIONEL.
Aluminum texture of time scars on this run down set. Red & green military trucks . . . blue explosions. In 'other form,' leafing through old newspapers. Never enough sleep between planets. (A transitory world in his eyes . . . Wonder when he first picked where the story ended . . . Dying this continent . . . ciao into the past) Flight through ruined flesh, to the end of the nervous system, the devious words forever exploded.

Strange briefings at the Nordend Hotel. Phantom death addicts yakking through aspirin smell of powdered shit. "Formentera wasn't bad, nicht wahr?" **Nichts los südlich von Cuneo . .**" Radio spurts dark gobs of semen. A wrecked helicopter circles the Vieux Port. Plaza Tricontinental surrounded by pigs & army units rigged to maximum effort an entirely novel method of /// 'Suffocating town this . . ' /// We made a date in her body large enough to

hold two pricks . . . I coughed in grey smell of rectal mucus down the spiral staircase out on the Boulevard flat on the warm concrete . . . her cunt sucked an empty condom ///

Aug. 23—The town is folding—Stasis covers the Last Exit to Alphaville—Walked through the empty desolate streets & wind up in a cheap room with the Old Detective the room seems to vibrate with phantom traffic noise he squats on the floor & fumbles at an instrument rather like an oversized police whistle . . “**Li’l toy I brought back from my last trip . .**” I watched him masturbate in the halflight (Looks like he’s counting money). Quite a character, I thought.

The ominous hum of metal walls in the milky night—Children fucking soundlessly in a corner of the Plaza—Rooms dark with the secretions of absent tenants—The old cop turns into an advertising exec & calls for the Menu—An infra-red TV juts out of the wall—Transparent penis pulsed on the Plat du Jour.

‘Haben wir schon verloren?’—Desert of sabotaged minds like a bleached comic strip—(Photo of a Nazi submarine rises out of India ink)—TV set blaring in the courtyard half buried in camel shit—Crumbling arcades of a shipwrecked planet—Radio static colorless as time & space—Blind pilots bleed inside berserk transformer stations—Acrid smell of festering ecology—‘Schon mal gelebt . . .?’

Brunner’s void filled my lungs like the silhouette of a thawing condom—Bleak room (**Drone of white newspapers**) the old cop sits picking his rotten teeth—I found him at the other end of the Plaza poking in the ashes of guilty bystanders—“**Pre-ignition, huh?**”

The chief of police woke up surrounded by subsonic ventilators. “Il fallait voir son regard . . . tasty! . . flaccid old woman face & I notice he’s nursing an atrophied clitoris

in a gap between his teeth . . . (Re: 'Unimagineable gourmets of inner space') . . . this is an ersatz country strictly from snafu offset . . . "

So we hoist the yellow flag stuck three weeks off **Gibraltar** the crew retch boiled eggs & greasy sausages into the sea that turns black—(They run a mighty loose ship in these parts)—The Captain has taken to cutting up the log book **a posteriori**—("Only way to orient yourself . . . take it from an old conductor . . .")—The El Fatah blow up a bolivian newsreel & a fallout of inflated bugs mouldy jockstraps & sour kinky hair settle on the city like some kinda rancid lava confetti—**AND YOU ARE SUCKED IN BY THEIR SPEED YOU ARE MUD ON THEIR DEMOLITION FILM—**

Cab ride through outskirts of a ghost town his inflated groin filled my sleepy ass—**Moist cigarette cut his eyes—** Surrounded by hypnosis scars—Radio erections under ventilators of green saliva—His bloodless lips **thin as a knife**—In leather stereo tanks sucking last junta words—The cops flip & charge out of mobile urinals **occupying transparent passers-by . . .** The intestinal tracts of red dogs cling to your body.

"Threw some stuff overboard off **Gibraltar . . . this whole ship reeks of Death TV . . .** The Captain declares a couvade & scrambles into a life-boat half buried in camel shit disguised as a pregnant South American tourist . . . 'Puta madre!' he shrieks & whips out a rusty .45 . . . 'Move out of the way for the rats . . . !'

THE ELECTRIC TIMES

Vol. IV No. 60

March 3, 1970

Paris

ELECTRICAL CUTS. You diminish in other skin. Like a lightbulb imploding in slow motion. Leaving a white dust on somebody's tongue. 'Yes Tom it's your turn now...' dead undersea eyes of downtown junkie working an uptown gig. "Nothing like starting a habit... chalk it up as pure electrification." (Grey spectral lips that form electric Braille of death) Smashed shadow of the man who never was . . .

Cerebral twilight zone riddled by other-directed word & image. Electrical cuts in your eyes. The silent images coalesce in white blood.

INSTANT HAPPENINGS. Instant replay of insidious software imagery from all sides of the Invisible Environment—Mutant crickets—Damp green odor of cut neon skin—Suppurating wire mesh of Cortex City—TV distortions in the N-dimensional Face—Soft ejaculations in fat blue brains—Atrophied music of blood—High pitched whine of electrified lungs—Ultra-black the Sensory Broadcast—Tactile illusions/ dilations/ protoplasmic blackouts—Tarred veins of the night—The sea ahead—Rainforests—Doors—Tangled bas-reliefs of green genitals—Prick shadows on 42nd Street—

/ Musty rose of mildewed junk in his folding flesh . . . The Cisco Kid he never returns . . . Hunting the dead Images like this . . . Black&white odor of opiated land . . . The tide come in with blinded faces . . . Nights when the flesh aborts in spirals & sighs . . . circular sleep . . . Hull . . . Cry . . . The stale waters worn polluted eyes fixed on the Point of No Return—Réalités—Non Stop—

ITEM: "Nowhere did the straight radio reports of terrific bombing at Pearl Harbor create anything resembling the panic created three years ago by Orson Welles' famed faking of a Martian invasion . . ." (TIME Magazine, Dec. 15, 1941)

TOUKAN TELEPHONES. Who said Atlantic City? What deaths by color TV in Los Angeles? Well you figure it out. Letzte Positionen. Kaputte Systeme. Nichts los südlich von Onan City 19. LOST IN SPACE. Flug durch verfallenes Fleisch. Kapiert was Napalm ist? Eveil sexuel des bérêts verts.

The Thing continued to broadcast orders—Words being spoken of other words—Das ist alles—Soft pressure of gigantic machinery from all sides of the Mutant Environment—Cortex TV Aveuglant—Ejaculations ultrasoniques de la Machine

Molle— ("mfd . . . eodr!")—The white labyrinth of silence has no emergency exits.

KAPUTT. Lost in somebody's napalm flesh. All signs fondus dans ma chair. Flux. Toxic foam of an O.D.

Aqui? . . . well go ahead shoot . . . (Hallucinatory corridors molded of iridescent skin) . . . all white in my eyes as the film drained off . . . 'Ya no me sirven las palabras,' he sd there's a wise guy for you . . . (Un vaso de aguardiente muy al borde de la mesa)

AILLEURS. Mirrors of 1816 in my cheating naked brain. Langorous dead fingers.

The Enormous Room went up blue in grey.

EN FRAGMENTS PRECIS. At electric speed un point de vue euh different becomes meaningless, even in a newspaper. (That's a fact) Let's see now what makes you think you have read this far? And what? how? why?

Try a simple experiment. Try to repeat what you have just 'read' in your own words. (Do you own words? . . . Whose voice? . . . Never was any prints on the screen . . . So why let 'em shit in your mind forever?)

Fade-in (1/150")

THIS FILM HAS NO EMERGENCY EXITS

Labyrinthe dénoué, labyrinthe parlé . . . La surface des choses

(Têtes de carton) . . . Un peu de neige qui fait vibrer la cloche . . . Gigantesque machinerie qui marque le point de l'indifférence entre l'origine et l'abolition, le matin et la mort . . . (Qui étiez-vous dans un cristal aveuglant?)

. . . Ballet mécanique/ultra-sonique . . . Images disparates . . . Calmes blocs chus d'un désastre obscur . . . Objets-fétiches privés d'étiquettes . . .

Quien es? Que disiez-vous? Muerto ya reventado . . . Past combination words ignite film scraps of fear apathy death . . . the White Lid blew off . . . three times disaster broadcast on 23 . . . Aborted brains . . . Ritual demonic cries . . . Electrolysis . . .

INFRA-RED TICKERTAPE. Fuel The French Turnstile—Hawaii Point Blank—White Screams—The Cold Sign Canceled Heavy Dawn—Crash Magazine—

The Dark Hull—Sleep—Circular Memory—Cobwebs of Silver Mold—Black Leather Gardens—Shreds—The Itch—Maybe I Will—To Nowhere—Vertical Waters—Massengrab—Pornographic Flowers—And Then The Plane Low Overhead—

MEMO: "All Phones Are EVERYWHERE. There Are Signs. Man's Names Kill. The Lines of Black in the Streets Give A False Sense of Watchers Who are WHITE. All Signs Are THERE. All Signs Are TAPPED PHONES."

(Obviously I have quoted out of cut neon skin—In other words, in slow motion a newspaper becomes meaningless—Or in the immortal words of Iceberg Slim “Words don’t cop anything funny.”)—

L’horloge a fondu dans ma chair. (Visage tranquil se vidant

... Qu'en? A name not clear ... His dead eyes .. they were downstairs) 'No se mas decir ... no tengo memoria ...' (Turns out his hands in the Empty Room) We dragged him out from under the car. There was a wash of grotesque faces. The place reeked of dying vowels. Hele mai ... kokua ... pau ...

Toukan Telephones molded of rusty newspapers. The worn

Braille of silence outlines the Point of No Return. Smashed shadow of what you have just read. Tides of rancid jissom, blood & pus.

Nichts los on sporadic frequencies grey stills of hopeless faces forming precise holes in Present Time.

Machinerie-labyrinthe qui fait vibrer vos signes .. cons! ... sales métèques! ...

Twice in the head & in the chest. What died in grey? Your name? Estas palabras. Sound of falling flesh. Now grown on me.

A subway ride that ends in a pile of nerves. 'Alone tonight will fit what I say ...'

The Enormous Blues went up in Grey Room.

THE ANDROID JUNGLE. K walked through the narrow twisting streets of the Quarter, one hand never far from his weapon. He walked among the crippled & the blind, past hydrocephaloid idiots past a juggler who kept twelve flaming torches in the air with the aid of a rudimentary third hand growing out of his chest. There were vendors selling clothing charms & jewelry, there were carts loaded with pungent & unsanitary looking food. He walked past a row of brightly painted brothels. Waves of unknown stench filled the streets. A monstrously fat woman pulled open her blouse to reveal eight shrunken breasts. Four Siamese quadruplets wheeling around in a gynecologist's chair stared at him with huge mournful eyes.

K turned a corner & stopped. A tall ragged old man with a cane was blocking his way. The man was half blind. The skin had grown smooth and hairless over the socket where his left eye should have been.

"You wish the services of a genuine scanner?" he asked. K nodded.

"Follow me," said the mutant.

Mongoloid punks cheered & beat their meat in the streets. Raw crescendo of orgiastic shouts from bleak afternoon hotel rooms where bulging time erections exude minutes of twittering flesh. 'Comeon Gooey yes like that just keep it there . . !' SPUT

CUT/ The Sigma Laboratories, Zurich. (Wide sweep across a convention of alchemists & toxychiatrists. Dr. Brokovich is lecturing on the virtues of Cyclazocine.)

"A miracle drug, Gentlemen, im wahrsten Sinne des Wortes . . uh . . tularemia? . . Billige Sensationen . . exaggerations . . a 'host,' after all, must be nice to his 'guests,' ja? . . "

So he had pleasure mounds installed all over the lab &

the morning after found the whole clan crystallized on the walls glowing like a set of crematories.

"Eh bien," he shrugged. "Something's got to give . . ."

"But these experiments are necessary," he said to the Symbiotic Orgonaut. "Cylert you see conduces to a certain lack a disorder of shall we say composition . . . Words stripped of their pleasant fur of smell & feel . . . in other words Cylert associated with words draws semiotic reduction . . . Like the interminable death of an old man you might say . . . uh . . . lack of flesh . . . retreat from the Image, deeg? . . . Or in the words of my distinguished colleague Henri Michaux: 'Word workshops suffer & many useful barriers fall' — Now if you will kindly hold still . . . Ah yeas, you are a worthy uh **vector** . . . I can see that right away . . . I am in an auditorium curled up under your VOICE . . . you are afraid? But there is nothing to fear . . . I go into your throat and wait . . ."

Mutation feedback flashed through his voice as the other rayed blue movie images over heaving skin "Ja! Ja! Come wet & wild in my withered voice my wrinkled dying sponge of speech . . . !!"

NOTE: The Dutch sea captain Vosterloch discovered in Tierra del Fuego natives of a bluish color who corresponded by means of sponges capable of retaining the sound of the spoken voice "With the result that when they wish to speak from a distance, they speak closely to one of these sponges and send it to their friends who having received it press it softly and make the words come out of it like water . . ." (Quote *Courrier Véritable*, Avril 1632)

WONG'S CABARET. ' . . . le cadavre semi vivant now isn't that cute? Yes sir that's what marks a real 23 it's the smell

of death bulldozing through it day after day and still it piles up all those millions of people was walking around rotten but had embalmed themself in old film and when D 23 cut the film the stink would have knocked you to Uranus they was dead and rotten in there fell apart when the film drained off them . . ' (William Burroughs)

Iridescent corpse light. Announcer's voice from an old crackling record "These are the real messages, the warnings beneath the skin . . ." The audience moves through smoke glass fading lips palpitating emphysema lungs now part of the furniture the props the faces. Bleeding eyes, tracing miles of hallucinatory corridors. JB's metal voice from a thousand loudspeakers: "All right you jerks . . . Last move in the Virus Vision Ditch! . . "

Blue Encephalitis. Vascular erosions. Emphysema blisters hatching out in any throat. Speech bubbles leak out in air.

The scene opens on a steaming greenhouse. JB: "Voilà, mesdames mesdemoiselles messieurs . . . our specialty . . !" (grand gesture) "A pair of pure-bred mongoloids!"

The mutants go through an imitation Hollywood routine involving this powder-puff rag, kissing & retching alternately, and occasionally voicing delicate nothings in the direction of the audience . . . "**Fleuve jaune de mon cul . . la poisse, quoi . .**"

An elegant lady in a sapphire studded corset shrieks in raptured bewilderment, "Why, is it possible? Something's touching me on the ass . . !"

The 'Priest' goes through an acrobatic harakiri act with his wet face up against the apparatus. Distant street sounds. An ominous lurch. Like a black muffled organ sliding out over plush. A fluid opaque mechanism. ("Like

Fading shadow of a man dead 20 years

Hiroshima, March 8

The shadow of a man who died here more than 20 years ago is fading.

The man (no one knows his name) was sitting on the steps of the Sumitomo Bank building eating his breakfast on August 6, 1945, when the atomic bomb exploded over the city. Nothing was left of the man—just a dark shadow where his body momentarily protected the granite steps of the bank.

The shadow was once black but has now turned grey and, according to scientists, unless the steps are sealed in an airtight container it will be gone altogether in a few years. There is a move sponsored by the bank and other interested groups to build such a container.—British United Press.

whispering plankton . . ." enthuses an elderly dame & lets go over a spitoon.) /// **Rapid cuts** /// A sweaty back/ A hand resting on a huge fuzzy eye/ A mouth opening up to shout/ A laser sharp blood-red circle suck/ A cunt nailed on a wall/ A woman with a dirty shoe for a face/ . . . **Sub/Lim fade-ins:** / 'Tarots Espagnols' (elaborate gothic lettering)/ 'Voyance Sur Photo'/ 'Tour Magnétiste Intégral'/ 'Acid Masturbations'

The crowd murmuring, full of expectation. New arrivals fight at the entrance, crash through the windows. Inflamed twittering flesh. Stink of thawing make-up & fungus. Brown swamp grass on peeling lavatory walls. A monster baboon is seen jacking off through a genuine Ming Dynasty screen. (Frenzied shouts of acclaim as pink blobs of jelly hit the ceiling.)

Tunnels of silver smoke. Greenhouses breathing soft vegetable decay. The crowd is stumbling around in a chilly trance, socks stiff with semen. Rabid metal pleasures race through their bodies. Their skins come away like sodden brown paper cleaving the flesh & bones open. A TB condition draped over a blue gynecologist's chair passes out from a lung erection & spits blood out of his ass. ('Pay Day!') Two grey bowel-worshippers in transparent diver's suits frozen in an aura of pus stand like giant festering molars. The Hanged Man is squalling & whimpering under the ceiling, he is afraid of turning into an insect.

"Look out for Johnny Sawdust on the Insect Wave, hehe . . !"

JB made a sign and everybody spun the wheel. You could see the flesh go with a triumphant roar of alarm sirens. Airhammers pounding subsonic flagellation under any skin. Showers of saliva dross ash, clusters of vomit. Great arabesques of infernal lust sweep through the panting

bodies. Kaleidoscopes of depravity dissolve in blind leering eyes. Mutant phallic vibrations. Mouldy revolvers ooze into the porous light.

The Old Whore mushrooms. (Ash-brown goo.) "All afternoon searched for a vein with airhammers . . . il fallait voir son regard! . . . tasty! . . ."

"Yea, like a grounded trapeze jerk . . . jes cain't get rid of them motions . . . haw!haw! . . ."

"Remember what it's like in the tumescent mirror . . ?
Did you pick up any shit on the Moist Track? . . . Don't
push the button yet . . . lights . . . tapes . . . lethal
doses . . ." (Fadeout)

THE STEREOPHONIC DEATH OF ALL THE THINGS YOU ARE. K finished the program, introducing & cuing his records and spots as he watched her undress. I'm making disk jockey history, he thought. No, Mythology. She stood against the windows without any clothes, a small body, frozen like the frame of a motion picture.

He made his entry in his log book. He turned off the transmitter but left the console on because they might want some music. He leaned back & lit a cigarette.

"It's cold in here," she said.

"Air conditioning."

"Can I come over there now?"

"Yeh." He grinned.

He stood up and undressed. He grabbed her by the tits, pressed her against the console & shoved it in. He pulled the microphone down to the side of her face and flipped up the key, turning the Pot to full volume. The two huge speakers in the room sent their own sounds back to them, reinforced her cries, the squeaking sounds that their bodies made as they rubbed together. All signal; no noise;

great ratio. True transmission. A stereophonic screw.

'WHAT?!" He came out quickly, leaving her stranded on the console, his face contorted with disgust. He smacked her across the face, the smack going through the microphone reverberating between his ears. He picked her up and sat her down on Turntable 2, impaling her on the spindle; he released the catch and the turntable began to move in its circle. He grabbed his clothes and flicked on the ON AIR light, leaving her spinning in the control room.

Blue emergencies flicked on. Reversal to free fall. Ship's intercom connected through the suit radios broadcast engrams of fear & panic. Alien vessel showed distantly. Decks buckled. The radar tech's suit split & the girl mushroomed.

THE ELECTRIC TIMES

Vol. III No. 52 December 3, 1969 Cut City USA

THE EMPTY SCREEN. Vague fallout of pulverized eyes from ambushed video-tapes. Raw heaving body of the operator merged with the asphalt.

Cafeteria on Union Sq./hunched over a radio/"Yes," he said, "they are mining last words now" (Science, pure science...take it from an old surgeon...)

"Yessir boys with my cock in formaldehyde already & then the dotted line to the gallery..." (The visitor blew up in dead milk)—Stale odor of phantom clap swept the Bureau—

This newscast was junked after 42 bad takes. Tele-agonies. So we start again from scratch, huh?—(repair crew clicks through the sound of a creaking door—) and everywhere the soft insidious decay in transient flesh—we lost 23 men on the run already —The Image Officer's blunt strategies were leaking thru the back door—"So what? I can still blindfold these hick passengers in thin air & shove 'em under the dashboard like stale gum!" (Subsonic death rattle grinds through twitching mucus in the Soft Radio)—The Weapon sank phosphorescent pilots in roentgen film—

Greasy metal mouth draped over a bloody vending machine. Kaynard's hand in a torn film.

Feeling for the dotted line thru skeleton light & the car froze in a black window.

Brown wreck of Le Chien Andalou his head of blue glass fizzed in icy air.

The sails peeled from many a loose ship in 1945. Take it from an old rat. (Smell of rotting toilets, fossil cunts fade thru blue movies...phantom worlds of flesh walled in by moist brown mirrors...the car disintegrates in enemy flak...dead fingers trace out-of-focus shots on celluloid skin...)

FOSSIL FLESH STORMED THE EXITS. Fired all the words from cancer film.

Time theater sprang thy news from these tapes. Out thru black odor of undersea automat. 'Sabe Cut?' End street flickered in his voice.

Napalm heat controls empty land. The white screens & silence to check out. He shrugged 'Who am I to say ugly american..?' Looking around in fractured skin sad last waste of a hopeless face. Last face you touched went dead on automat screens.

Who can say indeed not looking around in flamethrower silhouette of Orion—Lips of the past closed on the Café—Vast sky of radar wiped clean of yellowed flesh—Woke up in barcelona billboards in the dead

smell of atrophied headlines...muy alone in such tense & awful silence and por eso have i survived...

Electric music of sirocco rip phantom populace from Lyon to Marseille—Fossil flesh stormed the exits—Anybody listening?—So we take over spinal levels in dust—splintered images you see are rampant in glass—hieroglyphs of panic have won at a scrawl—Finis nous attendons WHAT? Mission Deadline—across roentgen plains of Utah—tracer bullets click through snow—

Cleveland suburbs sprawled through hydraulic waste land of coruscated automat & peeling subway hotels.

"Let's get the hell outta here...!"

(Bombed-out film of empty streets cut the throat to freedom)—desert wind filtered your voice to deadline gasp—Finis vous succombez ici (Mr. Shannon, Mr. Armstrong) The car swerved upwards in a gush of blood—Telescoped into wide U-turn across blind neon skies —Do You See Now That The Screen Is Empty?

Time ran out in the Dead Automat.

EN PASSANT THE STORY SO FAR. I do not know if you got my last hints as we shifted from the Café de France to this deep & glittering iron lung and that Image is DEATH.

K took the warm quivering brain in his hands & unfolded it slowly bent over gasping held the two halves humming in trance.

"The other's veins crawl through mine," he said adjusting his throat microphone, breathing heavily in the warm anesthetic mist that filled the old studio.

"Mind you take film . . . I want to see that . . . Intricate grammars of distant differentiated tissue . . . osmotic system . . . fascinating . . . "

(**Echoes of sticky basements/ Insane shouts of invisible victims/ Radio static from hidden loudspeakers.**)

I am reading a science fiction book called **The Cut-up Conspiracy** an entirely novel method of destruction. Well not quote 'as random as you might think,' & it so happens I open the book on a page where it says "**Carl made words in the air without a throat without a tongue . . . vestigial penis figures to the sky,**" now isn't that cute? Yes, that's what marks a real 23 as the focus snaps like this & you are actually there. Intersection points we call it in the silent algebra of our profession. ("**Well let's just say Automatic Pilot . . . only way to orient yourself . . .**") So just splice yourself in with any of these tracks on the Insect Machine twittering old newspaper cuts in the corner if you know what i mean . . .

"So I work that lost brother into a contact high with whatever I had left we crawl into Central Control on all fours I tell you . . . oh you could see he was all used up . . . so I step out of him & tell one of the boys to give him a shot . . . no use wasting a replica . . . "

Junkie there at the corner flicking empty condoms H caps KY tubes . . . "Now what I was telling you about the Police Parallèle the manipulator takes pictures for 24 hours everywhere the soft insidious voices delayed suicide under any skin muttering kif garbage & mouldy confetti . . . "

He went through a stark white electromagnetic act and K's face melted under the flickering arc lights. The man followed him back on the Time track putting on his tunic & strapping on a Luger to an abandoned concentration camp & located the Commandant in the empty guard house by the mud river sitting there molded to a broken chair surveying the Bone Gardens his eyes unbluffed unreadable. He turns around at the sound of our approaching footsteps on the rusty concrete & I see that it is Pohl.

"Most distasteful thing I ever stand still for," he shrugs & spreads out his hands in the hideous parody of a helpless gesture.

"Maybe you can find out about it later with the Pictures walking through the smell of death about town, deadens & weight these sentences with disgust-you-to-see-it . . . "

Blood-stained focus clicks into his head of blue glass.

(CLOSE-UP) Neon fingers over fresh scar impressions learning the instrument panels recording on the transparent flesh of Present Time. It Is Happening Right Now. (Cut-ins with Wm. Burroughs/ The Soft Machine)

The story so far intersections of blurred TV screens junk telegrams days faces words that repeat themselves & slide in behind the thing itself—The tide coming in like this and memory pictures crackling sounds in the Metabolic Loudspeaker—And here is a picture from Spain sad cross-eyed character in his doorway, "Ya no me sirven las

palabras," he said—There's a wise guy for you—Ciudad N., Barcelona, NYC, San Francisco, Pearl City—Limited human traffic in a small space—A short future—Pèse-nerfs—Abroad on an assignment—To intercept riotous blue movies phantom tickertapes cosas de la vida—Words—(I diminish in the Anthropometric Room, behind my shrunk eyes)—

"So I went back ten years later on the film & didn't like what I saw . . . Burnt out foggy roofscapes factories apartment buildings fun palaces vast formless structures like a series of out-of-focus shots" . . . (Cop stumbles & falls dies on the sidewalk . . . Motor cyclist rides into the sun across the Bay Bridge . . . goes up in showers of silver barbwire)

The young swedish junkie probes beneath his flesh erupts in fireworks of milk-sugar blows up into the camera . . . Woman's thighs open through a blue filter to the sound of a creaking door . . . Puntang invaders leer in the Glass Canyon . . . Machinegun flashings of grey as the sick colors settle on the dying city . . . "The blood walls . . . flash . . . in code . . . an ashen face . . . In the smell of melting wires this monitored dream behind these words . . . "

"Thought you had a clever one going with them Kikes flushed out through the Last Exit, huh?—But that wasn't fast enough—There were witnesses—Fact is we got a nice little squealer with us right now up in the main theatre—Show you something interesting . . ." — Brunner lunged forward, his face contorted with hideous memory pictures —"You got nothing on me you hear? NOTHING! I can still . . ." // /Berserk klieglights cut his voice.

RN 7—Barely made the Esso station—The Villa was covered with bloody cellophane—Pohl held up a distant hand & I saw his copy blow up in the vault—Smashed shadow of the man who never was ran out in the gutter—

The guards drew their revolvers & froze—Wrecked Cadillac coasting in ice—K made for the air lock—“don’t believe in pushing my luck,” he muttered the splintered needle still in his arm—

The cremation specialist wanted to ‘wipe away all traces’ in the sinister esperanto of his profession—He refused gasoline & sent for the ‘acoustic laser’—“Hafta squirt a leetel white-out to them apes, deeg? It’s more sanitary that way . . .”—The Commandant remains sceptical. “Just make sure we don’t got no more VD Comics reverberating in the gyms when this show is over . . . I’m not a veterinarian, you know . . !”—

“You ready to stand still for more of this crap? . . . Just goes to show what a dirty film can do . . .”—And remember the Black Death was also Made in Germany—Broadcast aborted as static covered the singed lips and the ‘Spritzer’ jerked in cancer tides of blood. Psychopathic deadliners rummage in the ashes of Spic Town—“POHL! We’re gonna paralyze your ass with watch crystals! . . We got enough of your bone-pointing ceremonies . . !”—(The microphone sags in my throat . . . Johnny’s body multiplies on the yellow screen)—Trapped eyes sputter newsprint carrion—(I felt the tic inside my skull as albino flesh detonated fetal film)—Sirenas de alarma hung in the Electric Room—

The Minister of Propaganda was stopped dead in his tracks by a bad guess, 1000th of a second was all it took—‘Stoj!’—The Russians came in with oxygen masks—They hurried him off for an autopsy.

Joe Brokovich confronts the Alien in blue jissom his dead eyes fixed on the point of no return—“Easy now with the generator . . . you want to split the planet? . . .”—The Alien opens one eye & straps on a jump harness—“Man we

been sublimated already . . ”—Dark green blood of the galaxy swept across the shambles lot.

“One thing I always tell my viewers,” JB says, finishing his program & introducing the Siamese anthem. “ . . . :’You Are Mud On All Film . . might as well put it through the Laundromat’ . . They really love it I tell you . . And they can do anything we want if they’re told right . . OK, closing-time . . Roll credits & fade to black . . ”

THE LAST TIMES

Demolition Plan 23

And now the Grey Deadliner Crew that populate these pages have something to say to all you suckers & marks of the Ancien Ordre; to all you hick sheriffs who plot cynically stupid moves under control of corrupt Image Officers: You can take your christian flamethrowers back to the Big PX, we don't want them. That's what has kept this country in the bush for a thousand years. And now by gawd we'll show you just how ugly a burning bush can be. Crétins! Cons patentés! La parole est aux cocktails molotov! On vous fera bouffer votre merde!

Pushers of electronic shit, manipulators of genocidal fait accompli: The suppurating plush of your hydraulic lounge chairs will screw itself up your stereophonic asses. Dead fingers will mold the soft telephones of murder into your flesh.

DEMOLITION PLAN 23. Teenage guerillas are mining your territory. They have burned down the image of your Green God from Cam Ranh Bay to Honolulu. And now we will show you just how ugly the Ugly American can be when the Gideon Bible blows up in his face and the KY runs amuck in the congressional lavatories (Texture of tight shmuck clung to the outhouse windows of the Big

Stop Press Fadeout Bulletin

PX) Or the Ugly German when he sees his pet rats run for cover and the Black International blow up the Nazi Amphitheatre.

Hypertrophic technical pricks full of savoir-tuer; saliva-vectors of Your Master's Voice; fey tumors, inoperable & unfuckable: WE'LL RIM YOU THROUGHII THE MAINLINE WITH INFRASONIC JISSOM. ALL THE FEAR & DEATH IMAGES OF THE GREY GENERATION WILL COME LOOSE. THIS CRAP GAME HAS GONE FAR ENOUGH.

Et alors? - Alors il faudra avancer dans ce désert de machines à écrire et assumer la violence qu'on nous impose. (Cl. Pélieu)

That is from here on out we're going to show you the bullet at the bottom of the barrel. We don't make 'films' anymore.

The final demission of repressive organisms will occur in the electric silence of cut vocal chords & party lines.

The Grey Generation is cutting down your anachronistic PR word to the emaciated Grade B horseshit that it is/was from the beginning.

The rancid heat of your fascist replicas is lousing up the air in here. The GG will blanket your cluttered minds with the silence of a pure equation: A

GOOD GRINGO IS A DEAD GRINGO. Pushers of ransacked images in whore landscape of radio sickness: Crawl back into your cheap home movies, into the sewers of Peyton Place & Hicksville & HIT THE FLOOR.

Lightyears on the smallpox caper of shuttered political minds has dulled the public's eye to the point of a shaven photograph. (Shit on it and it will moo...experienced along these lines..) Your cops had to milk you to the point of no return (Victorian manure) to maintain

3-dimensional form. (Re: 'Unimaginable & downright stupid disaster...replica backlash of All The Things You Are..')

What deaths by color TV in Los Angeles? Well you figure it out. The vectors of your chauvinistic hate will be dumped right back in your lap in even uglier form. Signed JB for Joe Brokovich, alias The Mick, alias Doc Buesing, alias 'K', alias Karel Schultz, alias ABHU, alias The Colonel (also known as The Frozen Hombre), alias Matt Silver, alias Captain Deadline...



Le
coupe tout
Carl

Carl Weissner was born in 1940. Although his native language is German, *The Braille Film* was written directly in English. Student of literature, intellectual terrorist, member of the international cut/up conspiracy, he has lived in Heidelberg, Bonn, New York & San Francisco. He now lives in Mannheim, West Germany.

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